the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

The American Indian as Victim

by Bernard W. Sheehan

Fulbright: The Last Guffaw

by Neil Howe and Gary Bullert

Why England Sleeps

by Philip Vander Elst

Confessions of a Cigar Snob

by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Plus: The Harold Robbins Award—Worst Book of 1974

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The Continuing Crisis

■ FOR THE LAST four weeks the American language has taken the most dreadful thumping visited upon it in years as thousands of dirty-necked politicians twisted, stretched, and stomped it in their frantic scrambles for the public trough. In fact the atrocities committed in the last month by various Solons and Numas, Bayhs and Javitses have left many useful words of yesteryear so mutilated and pathetic that they are now utterly incomprehensible, even to noted linguists, and it is only a matter of time before such political junk as *integrity*, *candor*, *liberal*, *conservative*, *public interest*, and *inflation* are actually retired from the dictionaries or scaled down to the status of mere slang.

■ The abominations culminated on November 5 when the lowest voter turnout since 1946 straggled into the polls and demonstrated once again the principal defect of our democratic contraption, to wit, one pack of scoundrels can be voted out only at the expense of voting another pack in. In giving the old heave ho to those who had supported Mr. Nixon's deficit spending and economic controls the American voter had to install those who will support more deficits, more controls, and a national health care monstrosity. On a happier note Mr. Ronald Clark O'Bryan of Deer Park, Texas is accused of putting cyanide in his son's Halloween loot, and a "minor argument" at a Cleveland, Ohio birthday party eventuated in the untimely demise of five participants who, so to speak, had their candles blown out by a .30 caliber automatic carbine.

■ Inflation continues to defy the American political process. Despite the growls and sonorities of Congress and the pithy slogans of President Gerald R. (Jerry) Ford, the Consumer Price Index jumped 1.2 percent in September. The index is now soaring at 12.1 percent above its level a year ago, its largest twelve-month jump since 1947. On the other hand, the news is not all bad, for October's unemployment rate was up to only 6 percent, and environmentalists were cheered by the news that automobile sales were down by 20 to 30 percent from a year ago.

■ For women's liberation there was good news and bad news. Enter as good news reports from the police departments of San Francisco and Washington, D.C. In San Francisco Mrs. Berit Lemoge has become the department's first pregnant police officer, and in Washington, D.C. Miss Gail A. Cobb has become the first female police officer to be slain in the line of duty. The bad news comes from Los Angeles and Turkey. In Los Angeles a heart attack ended the speaking career of feminist theoretician Ms. Millicent Goff. Ms. Goff passed on just seconds after concluding an impassioned address with the problematic line "I have just swallowed my false teeth." And it is evident that Turkey remains even more arctic toward equality than the United States. When Mrs. Inaficir Blaruf complained that her civil rights had been imposed upon by her son-in-law, Mr. Ismail Arduc, an Istanbul judge, broke into uncontrollable laughter, ending the hearing with an ancient Turkish oath which roughly translated means "Go eat a mountain of red Jello." Mrs. Blaruf's complaint stemmed from her son-in-law's ferocious response to her thoughtful suggestions for marital equality. He printed one thousand handbills advertising the opening of a new brothel—at Mrs. Blaruf's address—and distributed them on Istanbul streets.

■ The Watergate coverup trial continues in Judge John J. Sirica's Washington courtroom, a courtroom unique in the history of American jurisprudence. It is surrounded by deadbeats who shower debris, contumely, and spittle on defendants and other notables as they enter and leave. Its court transcript flows with the testimony of such reformed liars as Mr. E. Howard Hunt, Mr. Jeb Stuart Magruder, and the intrepid Mr.

John W. Dean. And its walls increasingly echo with Mr. Sirica's descants on his embarrassing philosophy of life, the tactics employed by various participants, and the inconvenience of those normal rules of evidence so revered by lesser jurists like Mr. Holmes or Mr. Brandeis. Mr. Sirica promises that such impediments as evidence will not interfere with his judgments. In New York City the King Kong Watermelon went out of business as did South Africa's Joseph W. Pritchard, 73, the world record holder in donating blood—200 pints in his lifetime.

■ In Boston, Senator Edward M. (Teddy) Kennedy broke his five-year silence in granting the *Boston Globe* an uneventful interview on Chappaquiddick, from which the *Globe* concluded: 1) during the inquest and trial perjury may have been committed, 2) Mr. Kennedy definitely lied at the inquest, and 3) it was only "inept prosecution and preferential treatment" that saved Mr. Kennedy from a manslaughter charge. In Reading, Pennsylvania, electric company officials are still hoo hawing Mr. Wilfred Heckman's story that he has used the same light bulb on his porch for forty-one years. And the jig is up for Mr. William J. Harmon, 52, who arrived in Binghamton, New York in March of 1973 to be feted for his patriotic service as a P.O.W. and to marry within ninety-six hours a nubile Binghamton widow. He was sentenced to six months in the slammer for impersonating a serviceman.

■ The astounding amplitude of Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's beneficences continued to be revealed, and Mr. Richard Nixon almost died. One of France's most illustrious chefs, M. Jean-Baptiste Troisgros, did die; he was felled by a heart attack as he buttered his bread. Pop singer Mr. Al Green suffered second-degree burns and the loss of a very close friend when Miss Mary Woodson hurled a banquet of hot grits on him as he bathed and thereupon shot herself, a senseless and tragic act that left Mr. Green's bathroom in a shambles. And the oft sniffed-at best seller *I'm OK, You're OK* seems destined for a more serious critical reading now that word has seeped into literary circles that author Thomas Harris recently paid $50,000 to a woman who had accused him of keeping her as a mistress, enthralled by drugs, liquor, and rubber novelties.

■ Mr. Spiro Agnew's letter of resignation has been stolen, and in Bloomington, Indiana *The Alternative* magazine, a journal read mainly by rich American landowners, awarded the Harold Robbins Award for the Worst Book of the Year to *Test of Loyalty: Daniel Ellsberg and the Rituals of Secret Government* by Mr. Peter Schrag. Mrs. Edward (Teddy) Kennedy was fined $200 and had her driver's license suspended for six months after she pleaded guilty to charges of driving under the influences of Demon Rum. And the consumer lobby has turned its attention to the New York court where Mr. Edgar Bronfman asks for the annulment of his marriage to Lady Caroline Townshend. In his deposition Mr. Bronfman has testified that though he appreciated sexual relations with Lady Caroline "at least twenty-five times" before their marriage, he enjoyed but "a very brief kiss" thereafter—apparently the case hinges on a question of implied warranty.

■ Secretary of State Henry Kissinger returned from an eighteen-day tour of seventeen countries, and annouced yet another "wheat deal" this time with Egypt. In Oneonta, New York Mr. Steven Talevi crawled 5.73 miles around a soccer field to break the world record for the event, and Mrs. Kathryn Saddier (pronounced sā-dyā) had her kitchen sink stolen while she pickled grasshoppers in the basement of her Fort Worth, Texas home. Finally from Egypt come disturbing reports that the controversial Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz has been seen wearing a bathrobe and riding a camel in the vicinity of the pyramids, a posh neighborhood inhabited mainly by rich and retired Egyptian politicians. □

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The Alternative *was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic beer in McSorley's Old Ale House. Originally published on restroom walls, only since 1967 has it come under purview of the Saturday Evening Club which publishes it monthly except July and September. One-year subscriptions (ten issues) cost $6.00 and all correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to* The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

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R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The Harold Robbins Award

FOR THE SERIOUS READER *Test of Loyalty* will prove incomprehensible; nonetheless I recommend it—I recommend it as an artifact of the age. The book is incomprehensible because Peter Schrag, though discussing matters of great moment, has the analytical prowess of a teenage poetess and the literary style of a rhinoceros. Still, as I say, *Test of Loyalty* has my blue ribbon of commendation. But first let me tell you what the book is about or what the book is supposed to be about, for one of the author's problems is that he tries to write several kinds of books on several different subjects simultaneously. The result is—well, the result is I suppose the New Journalism or some such thing, for from every mixed-up page there arises a whiff of baloney.

Test of Loyalty is supposed to be about the trial of Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo. It gives us glimpses of Dr. Ellsberg absconding with the Pentagon Papers, frequenting Xerox machines, and attempting to distribute their infamous fruits to various statesmen and newspapers. It also gives us glimpses of our government frantically attempting to scotch publication of the Papers, and it gives us a glance at the serious legal debate that ensued. But such a pedestrian tale is not enough for the ambitious Mr. Schrag. He writes for America's New Age, and because he writes for the kind of people he writes for, he must attempt much more than merely chronicling an important historical episode.

Mr. Schrag must instruct his readers on all the sundry conditions and issues tangential to Mr. Ellsberg's well-publicized season in Gethsemane, and he allows his readers to see all of this as it filters through his own stupendously sensitive spirit. So it is that Mr. Schrag in almost four hundred pages of delirium expatiates over the stultification of postwar liberalism, the perils of bureaucracy, the classification of documents, the First Amendment, the Nixon gang, political commitment, civil disobedience, virtue, California, on and on, until he arrives at this curious, though perfectly characteristic, judgment, which he smuggles into a chapter ostensibly dealing with the trial's verdict: "For a generation the country [America] had become increasingly European, particularly in its conduct of foreign policy."

Now my fundamental problem with this asseveration is not whether Mr. Schrag is right or whether he is wrong. What bothers me with this judgment is, as with so many of Mr. Schrag's judgments, that I have no idea what the author means; further, I cannot see what his statement has to do with the Ellsberg verdict. Unfortunately Mr. Schrag rarely pauses to explain what he means. Forgoing either the simple chronicling of an historical event (not one footnote appears) or the forthright polemicizing of a political or moral position, Mr. Schrag maunders on, pausing now to report on Ellsberg's latest action and then lurching forward with his sensitive perceptions, historical judgments, moral instructions, and ominous prophecies.

Mr. Schrag's occasional spells of reportage are lucid though brief. Mr. Schrag's judgments are turgid, wrong, and offensive to anyone who finds America something other than a personal embarrassment. And his critical style is wholly dependent on rhetorical smirks and frowns. He is absolutely incapable of clearly stating his appreciation of a subject and his reasons for that appreciation. For instance, despite his aforementioned disrelish for America's "becoming increasingly European," whenever he approaches things American he reflexively holds his nose. This makes it difficult for the intelligent reader to comprehend what it is that the author is getting at. Rather than stating his case, he lets fly with stuff like: "When they first entered the courtroom, they looked like a couple of busloads of tourists from Indianapolis who had lost their way to Disneyland: white, middle aged, old-aged, pinch-faced, obeisance-repressing-anger, the last revenge of the Puritan in America." The cause of this sally into *belles lettres* was our author's exposure to a random collection of innocent Californians being screened for jury duty. I have only a general idea as to why he finds all of the above characteristics so malodorous, but I do not think he leaves any doubt that he does and I think that while Mr. Schrag is being so provocative it might be helpful to us if he would explain himself. Of course Mr. Schrag extends to us no such courtesies because Mr. Schrag is not writing for you and me. He is writing for a rising class of people whose lives are filled with arcane fantasies, and that is why I commend the book to you. We all really ought to know more about Mr. Schrag's audience.

There is rising up in America a class of semi-educated individuals whose casual encounters with education have left them with cosmopolitan tastes, invidious conclusions, and intense theoretical commitments. They have recently fanned out into all sectors of American life, and some have risen to prominence. They are people who harbor vast pretensions to intellectual grandeur, though their intellectual accomplishments are so puny they are properly designated intellectualoids.

The intellectualoid speaks condescendingly to almost everyone he encounters, though his knowledge of the world is thickly interlarded with superstition and error. He prefers book reviews to books, newspapers to journals, and he chooses television documentaries and news stories over all of the above. He is a religious follower of National Public Radio, and he believes educational television sharpens the mind. His disposable income is almost totally exhausted on the intellectualized brummagem of the times. Today he buys recycled clothing and edible calendars. Yesterday he was living on seeds, nuts, and wheat germ. Such preposterous fads along with his political, cultural, and religious enthusiasms are almost all dictated to him by hucksters.

Intellectualoids will eagerly swallow the quack sociology, quack history, and quack psychology that oozes through *Test of Loyalty*. They are easily conversant with the conspiracy theories which Mr. Schrag has lifted from the Hate America crowd. And they do not blink when they encounter an author misusing words like "ideology" (p. 159) and "surrealism" (*passim*). Indeed for them these misemployed words are catnip neologisms. The book that misuses them frequently enough is guaranteed to enchant them. *Test of Loyalty* is such a book, incondite and barely intelligible to the serious reader but prodigious fuel for the intellectualoids' fantasies. The book is a stunning achievement. 1974 was no lean year for trashy books, but Mr. Schrag outdistanced them all. *Test of Loyalty* is a fitting recipient of the Saturday Evening Club's Harold Robbins Award for the Year's Worst Book.

Of course, a useful history of the Ellsberg trial remains to be written. Such a book will keep its subject in focus, document facts and judgments, and not pretend to be quite so arty. It will be written more cautiously and more objectively, though possibly it will remark on the abundant ironies of this sad episode. Think of it, while defenders of the law were attempting to preserve that law by breaking it, Dr. Ellsberg was portraying himself as a proud exemplar of civil disobedience even as his corps of lawyers, public relations men, and Hollywood eminentoes were spending seventy thousand dollars a month professing his legal innocence—an enormous fraud by all hands! □

The Worst Book of the Year

Test of Loyalty: Daniel Ellsberg and the Rituals of Secret Government*

by Peter Schrag
Simon and Schuster $9.95

Honorable Mention

Angela Davis: An Autobiography

by Angela Davis, Ph.D.
Random House $8.95

The Palace Guard

by Dan Rather
(as told to Gary Paul Gates)
Harper and Row $8.95

* For his achievement, Mr. Schrag will receive the entire paperback library of the works of Harold Robbins (used).

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Bernard W. Sheehan

The American Indian as Victim

TO HEAR MANY historians tell it, the American story has been one long parade of unrelieved suffering. Victims abound: indentured servants, convicts, antinomian dissenters, Quakers, black slaves, workers, immigrants, women, children; the list encompasses virtually every social category that can be plausibly distinguished from the centers of social and political power. But none of these groups has been as profoundly and as consistently the recipient of the historian's compassion as the American Indian. The first object of the white man's aggressive instincts, he has proved himself a victim of extraordinary historiographical vitality. As other victims have faded from memory or moved into the ranks of the unoppressed, the Indian has remained the quintessential victim.

And surely if any character in American history deserved compassion it was the Indian. He suffered as much from the white man's good will as he did from the many positive efforts to destroy him. The establishment on the new continent of permanent settlements of large numbers of Europeans worked radical changes in the character of native society. Tribes were uprooted, population declined, the traditional ways of life fell into disuse. In contrast with the eminently successful white man, the Indian seemed always on the losing side. Yet the recurrent theme of the Indian as victim and loser in the contest for survival must be tempered by recognition of the persistence of native society. Despite the grievous injury that white settlements caused the native population, Indians continued to exist as a people. They proved remarkably resilient, capable of absorbing critical segments of the white man's technology, and of retreating with a core of their own social order intact. The Indian survived but his life in the New World would never more than faintly resemble the aboriginal existence of pre-Columbian times.

The classic account of Indian-white relations as an epic of suffering is Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor*, published in 1881, and most modern treatments tell a similar story. The Indian is generally portrayed as a passive object that is inexorably destroyed by the white man. Peaceful native societies are disrupted by the movement of a powerful and aggressive people into their territory. With scarcely a perception of the significance of this invasion for their own future, the Indians receive the white men hospitably only to have their good will answered with violence. The first aggressive act is the white man's; the Indian only responds as befits a primitive man who has not yet learned the wiles of civilization. And seemingly he never does learn, as, generation after generation, whites alternate between killing Indians and stealing their lands. Every relationship between white and Indian—war, diplomacy, trade, education, proselytization—leads ultimately to a land cession. Land and furs are the two Indian possessions that the white man cannot get enough of, and when the furs run out there is no remaining reason to let the native keep the land. The history of Indian-white relations describes the Indian's steady recession and the white man's constant advance. The major instruments for accomplishing this monumental transfer of real estate are dissimulation and betrayal. At each step along the way, the native is assured that this will be the last cession demanded of him. If he refuses despite these assurances rival factions amenable to the transfer are sought out and agreements are made that are then construed as agreements with the whole tribe. And finally, this history of violence, avarice, and lying is capped by the great betrayal of the 1830s when the federal government forcibly removed the southern tribes in direct contravention of many agreements that assured the Indians of perpetual possession of their lands and required them to set out on the "trail of tears," the trek to the west on which great numbers perished. The subsequent story of Indian-white relations only repeats this original scenario.

The significance of this description of Indian-white relations is not in the truth or falseness of it. In fact, allowing for exaggeration and one-sidedness, the indictment is largely true. White men did kill Indians; they did lust after the natives' land; they seldom felt any deep compunction to tell Indians the truth; and the government did betray its word in removing the tribes to the trans-Mississippi region. The point is that this version of the relationship between whites and Indians is itself the profoundest victimization of the Indian because from it the native emerges as merely a pale reflection of the white man. He is not depicted as a member of a distinct society possessing a different culture with different values. Rather he and the white man with whom he contests the continent are assumed to share the same conceptions of reality. Violence and war, the possession and use of land, truthfulness and loyalty, are presumed to mean the same thing to both white and Indian. If the native has any virtues, they are the white man's because they are defined as the reverse of the white man's vices. The native's position as a victim affords him status but only in the civilized world, not in his own. In truth the Indian has been made a victim of the sympathetic historian's incapacity to judge the world by any criteria other than his own universalist ideology—a crime far more portentous than the particular offenses of frontiersmen and government officials.

Moreover, aside from the white man's perverse determination to see the Indian out of the way, a substantially different list of reasons for native decline can be assembled. It must be drawn from the actual experience of native-white contact; it must take into account the aspects of that relationship that were subject to human determination, but it must also include a consideration of those mechanisms that affected the Indian's life

despite any particular plans for his destruction hatched by white men.

For many scholarly treatments and for the popular imagination war would seem to be the common meeting ground between whites and Indians. The attractions of such an approach are evident. It permits the depiction of the direct destruction of the Indians and the portrayal of the white man as hostile and aggressive. And, of course, much fighting took place between two groups of people with different interests. Yet warfare was only one of the ways in which whites and natives dealt with each other and there are good reasons to believe that it was not as destructive as has frequently been claimed. Indians were very parsimonious in expending manpower in war. They inevitably fought in small bands; they possessed none of the social mechanisms required for organizing and disciplining large numbers of warriors. They did not in fact have the population base to allow for the prodigal use of men. By fighting from ambush and never risking frontal assault on a fortified place, the tribes kept their losses to a minimum. Moreover, Indian warfare (the spectacular Iroquois attack on the Hurons in the seventeenth century excepted) did not necessarily require the physical destruction of the enemy. Fighting had certain ritual and totemic implications that often could be satisfied by touching or defying the enemy instead of killing him. Prisoners were also of considerable importance—some, it is true, were captured for torture in the home village, but others were taken for adoption. Because the native brand of war made no distinction between noncombatants and warriors, whites looked upon it as especially brutal. After the massacre of 1622, the Virginia colonists struck a terrible blow at the peninsula tribes. In the Swamp Fight in 1637 during the Pequot War, the New England militia slaughtered great numbers of helpless natives. But most Indian-white conflict was less decisive. Sullivan's expedition sent to punish the Iroquois during the American Revolution fought only one pitched battle and had to be satisfied with burning fields and crops. The consequences for the Iroquois were serious enough, but they did not fit the stereotype of the native population decimated in war with the white man. Conflict between white and Indian was endemic (as it was between Indian and Indian), but it was not the major reason for the decline of the native society.

Perhaps the most powerful destructive forces brought to the New World by explorers, traders, and settlers were the diseases that the American Indians had never before experienced. In the wake of the Spanish conquest native society suffered an incredible demographic disaster. The population of Mexico dropped from a conservative estimate of 20,000,000 in 1520 to approximately 7,500,000 in 1650. Similar declines took place in the Caribbean and Peru. In the region that was to become the United States the numbers are smaller but the decline was nevertheless catastrophic. Of an aboriginal population of about 2,500,000 only some 250,000 remained in 1890. Smallpox, measles, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, and varieties of plague were some of the afflictions that took this terrible toll among the native peoples. Even before the Europeans moved into the continent in force, their diseases preceded them. The Pilgrims found the New England coast conveniently stripped of Indians by a still unidentified malady when they arrived in 1620. Lewis and Clark discovered signs of civilization's diseases among the Rocky Mountain natives who may have never before seen a white man. Over the centuries civilized men had learned to live with most of these afflictions, but they could not communicate their relative immunity to the Indians. Whole villages disappeared; many natives became disoriented by the threat of disease. In 1826 smallpox cut a swath through the Mandans from which the tribe never recovered. Of course, white and Indian exchanged diseases. The seasoning process was an accepted burden of settlement and it exacted its price in all of the early colonies, especially Virginia. But there were always more Europeans eager to take their chances; the Indians could not so easily replenish their numbers.

Significant also were the many commodities that Europeans brought to America. Of these, none made a greater impact on native life than liquor. In the pre-Columbian period no tribe north of the Gila River produced a fermented or distilled beverage. When rum from the English and Dutch and brandy from the French became the staples of the fur and pelt trades, the Indians faced a serious problem of personal and often communal alcoholism. Whatever the reasons—a tendency to imitate the white man, the tensions induced by a failing culture, the absence of social controls in the use of liquor—alcohol became one of the major forces leading to the decline of the Indian. Early deaths in drunken fighting, a decline in personal responsibility, the breakdown of familial restraint and order, all played a part in the failure of native society to sustain itself.

Alcohol may have been the most devastating item of trade between white and Indian, but many other artifacts affected the native culture. The Indians were eager to accept a long list of tools, guns and clothing from traders in return for furs and pelts with little thought on either side that this exchange would be to the detriment of white or Indian. In many ways native life proved quite resilient; the white man's artifacts were incorporated into Indian culture and it might even be maintained that life in the forest became more efficient. No one would deny the superiority of the gun to the bow in hunting. But the overall consequences of the wholesale adoption of civilized goods by the Indians was the spread of a slow and wasting malaise among the native bands.

The evidence of this social pathology can be seen in two symptoms: a decline in the birth rate and the appearance of messianic movements in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Most observers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries noted the apparent decline in the numbers of Indians. But a good deal more information can be found about messianic movements. They first appeared in the later years of the French and Indian War and fueled Pontiac's uprising in 1764. Subsequently, messianic prophets influenced Tecumseh in his effort to drive the whites back in the early nineteenth century. Soon after, Handsome Lake's rise among the Iroquois brought this early movement to a culmination. Later the Ghost Dance and the Native American religion repeated the process among the plains and southwestern Indians.

Messianism among the Indians revealed the extent to which native society had been undermined by the white man's influence. The prophets' imprecations against civilized life and their call for a return to the old ways only heightened the tension. The Indians could not return to a pre-Columbian existence if only because they had forgotten how. In the early nineteenth century, the Shawnee Prophet may have planned the restoration of primitive ways, but Tecumseh knew well enough that the whites could not be opposed without guns. And even the kind of daily regimen that the Prophet actually imposed seemed more reminiscent of the life of a sober American farmer than of aboriginal customs. Handsome Lake led the Seneca in a religious consolidation which could not be easily distinguished from the evangelical revivals that became common occurrences in the early nineteenth century among whites in the "burned-over district" of New York. Suspended between two worlds the Indians no doubt drew some interim consolation from their prophets, but ultimately messianism constituted significant evidence of the decline of native society.

From the beginning few white men held any brief for the survival of Indian culture. All of the original settlements had been made with the intention of converting the native population to Christianity and of obliterating what were considered the vestiges of savagery. Little was accomplished until the late eighteenth century when the new national government and a number of missionary agencies began a concerted attempt to introduce civilization among the tribes. The missionaries intended the total transformation of native life and the eventual incorporation of the Indians into American society. They demanded the impossible. Native culture could not simply cease to be; the Indians made no massive move to enter the white man's world; white Americans showed little inclination to welcome them

into it. The result of this application of altruism to the problem of the Indian was the further disintegration of native society and the final decision to remove the southern tribes from their eastern lands to the country beyond the Mississippi where the effort at conversion might be continued.

This version of the decline of native society has the advantages of accounting for the facts of Indian-white contact, of granting to the Indian a separate existence that is affected from the outside by the white man's activities, and of draining the story of much of its excessive moral content. The major factors turn out to have been beyond the white man's control (disease), or much too difficult to control (liquor), or so slow in working its effects as to be imperceptible (trade), or the result of a philanthropic effort to do good for the Indians (missionaries). It is true that white men took the Indian's land and often refrained from telling him the truth. In war white killed Indian, though the Indian gave as well as he received. Yet for all civilized man's determination to put an end to savage life, the reverse intention would not have saved the Indian. He was as much the victim of the poor prospects for survival in a primitive society forced to live in close contact with a vigorous and aggressive culture. More to the point, the Indian was ultimately the victim of the inability of European men to perceive the native on his own terms. White men always viewed the aboriginal population of America through the prism of their own world—and this has been as much a failing of those who loved the Indians as it has been of those who hated them.

When the American Indians first intruded on the perception of Europeans in the sixteenth century, there already existed the requisite formulas for explaining their appearance. Usually, Indians were viewed as noble savages who lived in paradise and had not suffered the fall from grace that afflicted civilized men. Less often observers interpreted them as vicious savages, the inhabitants of a howling wilderness who represented the obverse of civilized life. And sometimes the native managed a place in "the middling landscape" of the pastoral garden which allowed him the simple virtues Spenser had described in *The Faerie Queene*. None of these conceptions of the Indian drew upon an actual perception of native life, though they were held by men who had seen and sometimes lived with real Indians. The literature of the first three centuries of Indian-white contact records much accurate and interesting information about the manner of life among the American tribes, but in no instance does it formulate a general conception of those societies that can claim anthropological validity. From the beginning the idea preceded observation, and thus the Indian was accorded a form of existence that drew its character from the white man's perception of himself.

The great questions that informed the literary treatment of the Indian until well into the nineteenth century were similarly abstract. The search for the origin of the tribes ended successfully in the eighteenth century with the conclusion that they had migrated from Asia. This solution to the problem assured the white man that the Indian fitted into an accepted scheme of historical development. Even the exotic possibilities that had supposed the natives to be lost Welshmen or Jews or survivors of the destruction of Atlantis had as their purpose an explanation of the Indian past consistent with the white man's understanding of his own past.

The Indian's status in nature was affirmed when he was quickly granted a position between white and yellow in the Great Chain of Being. This gave him a potential superior to the African and the Oriental but not quite the equal of the European. In the late eighteenth century, Jefferson and many Americans defended the American Indian against the accusation by certain European philosophers that he was deficient in natural energy. Jefferson took the argument seriously because he sympathized with the Indian but also because it cast doubts on the potential of the whole continent, including its European inhabitants. The Great Chain judged the native's capacity by the white man's standard and in the deficiency dispute the Indian emerged unscathed because of the white man's interest in the issue.

Finally, the science of natural history, which became the principal method for examining Indian society in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, tended to blend the native into the landscape. Observation of a one-dimensional phenomenon did not supply the method for describing an existing society possessing a distinctive culture. The Indian could not be distinguished easily from fish, animals, plants, and other natural resources that made up the riches of the continent. Consistently, then, in the first three centuries of Indian-white contact the Indian was made the subject of the white man's perception of himself or of his continent.

Although, beginning with Henry Schoolcraft and Lewis Henry Morgan, the nineteenth century inaugurated serious anthropological study of native society, there is little in public policy toward the tribes that would indicate any basic change in the way that white men viewed them. Removal was scarcely complete before the frontier pushed close to the Indian territory. Later in the century the more primitive plains Indians were gathered onto reservations. The white man's pressure continued; missionaries, supported by the government, established themselves to carry on their programs of education and conversion, with the same indirect social consequences for the Indians. In 1887 Congress passed the Dawes Severalty Act which intended the dismemberment of the tribes, the imposition of individual land ownership, and the final transformation of the Indian into a copy of the individualistic white man. It did not work. During the New Deal, John Collier of the Bureau of Indian Affairs attempted to promote a plan for the reconsolidation of the tribal order, though ironically the impulse for this quite sensible plan stemmed from a naive celebration of a primitive communal order that the white man could interpret as the opposite of civilized life. After World War II, in an outpouring of guilt the government began the process of paying claims to tribes which could show that they had been unjustly dispossessed of their lands. In its most current manifestation, the conceptual victimization of the Indian has culminated in his appearance among the suffering minorities of the American social order, a position made all the more poignant by the Indian's apparent acceptance of it and by the tendency among whites to use a supposed Indian mode of life as an instrument of revolutionary attack against their own social order.

The process by which the Indian fell in with the white man's misconceptions began early. It was, in fact, part of the gradual breakdown of native society and acculturation into a median state between civilization and the aboriginal past. Perhaps the most striking evidence that the white man would have his way with the native Americans was the growing acceptance of the idea of Indianness. Columbus' original mistake became compounded by the explorers' and settlers' refusal to distinguish groups of Indians. They knew well enough that there were different kinds of native peoples, with different physical appearances and different social habits. But the white man's ideas about himself required that any separate people be conceived of in a mirror image. Hence the existence of an Indian who could carry the full reflection of the white man's character was essential. It made little difference that neither the origins of native society nor the ways in which the native population actually lived would support such a contention. The pre-Columbian inhabitants had migrated to the American continent over an extended period of time in waves of disparate peoples. Neither before nor after their arrival could they have been considered one society possessing one culture. When the white man came upon them, the native peoples were without an inkling of pan-Indianness. But it quickly developed.

The more the native American doubted himself, the more he became an Indian. The more he became conscious of the challenge of European society, the more he saw the need to consolidate with other Indians. Both of these tendencies were symptomatic of disintegration. Native Americans became Indians in direct proportion to the measure of decline in their traditional way of life. They turned to the white man and adopted many of his manners when their own became useless, and they also began to believe in the white man's conception of Indian unity. In truth, of course, the process was never complete. Traditional life never utterly disappeared; the native American never completely became an Indian.

In many ways the concept of the tribe defined this middling stage. But it was also partly a projection of the white man's image of the Indian. In his aboriginal existence, the native American clung to the familial band. In so far as the native possessed a public order it was not consonant with the tribe but was more closely associated with less general social groupings. The erection of the tribe into an institution resembling an Indian state took place as a result of the native's response to white encroachment. And it was also part of the native's acceptance of the white man's view of his way of life. Civilized observers expected to find a political order in America, and they reported back that they had found one organized as expected. From the beginning whites treated with the native leadership just as they would deal with any foreign potentate. Powhatan supposedly ruled an empire; his daughter should be respected as a princess; the relationship among the five Iroquois tribes could be likened to the great confederations of ancient times. The tribe gradually became center of native public

life, and, of course, it was critical for any dealings with the white man's government.

The tribe served the white man's purposes. Government agents went to those they supposed to be the tribal leaders when they wanted land. But they often found that there was more than one group of leaders. The factionalism that had always been a significant part of native life became more extreme under the stress of social breakdown, and the whites found it convenient to cultivate these factional divisions in order to obtain what they wanted —sometimes land but also roads through Indian territory and the right to establish schools and mission stations. The natives' acceptance of the white man's conception culminated in the formal establishment of an Indian state by the Cherokees in 1827. Ironically this very acquiescence in the white man's identification of the tribe with the native polity was used by whites to force evacuation of the southern tribes in the 1830s.

A measure of the white man's success in victimizing the American Indian is that the tribe is now the basis of native social order and that the concept of Indianness is more and more accepted among the native populace. Moreover, the process continues with the return of the native American as a symbol of the supposed viciousness of civilization and the identification of the Indian as the first ecologist whose supposedly judicious treatment of the continent should stand as an indictment of civilization's prodigal waste of its natural resources. There are some signs that the Indians might discover the significance of the white man's tendency to use them for purposes of collective expiation of guilt, though it must be said that the discovery is only likely to increase their anger and to add one more way in which they have been victimized by the white man. □

Neil Howe and Gary Bullert

Fulbright: Thirty Years of Sagacity

THIS MONTH, Senator J. William Fulbright packs his bags and returns to Arkansas, and with his political demise, the "internationalist" position on foreign affairs has lost its longest-lasting spokesman. Fulbright was there from the beginning. He shared in the uphill fight of the UN idealists after World War II, triumphed in the interventionist Kennedy Administration, and by the end of our Vietnam involvement had transformed enlightened respect for alien cultures into something near frenzied adoration. Abroad, no U.S. Senator was better known; his very name shone Voltaire-like for the cause of pure reason and humanity, and a prestigious fellowship for international cooperation bore his name. Closer to home and to his colleagues, precisely because of his great humanity, Fulbright's demeanor was thought to be chilly and aloof.

This he deeply regretted, of course. He had wished that the wisdom he pronounced as Committee chairman, as lecturer, and as paperback writer could be sweeter to the voting public. But it wasn't sweet, at least when Arkansas voters finally realized what their junior Senator was up to. Something finally spoiled the words of Senator Fulbright, Rhodes Scholar, as they made their way to the ears of his native South. Last June he was challenged for his seventh term by Dale Bumpers, the small-town lawyer from Charleston, Arkansas who beat Winthrop Rockefeller for the governorship in 1972. Bumpers crushed Fulbright 65 to 34 percent at the polls, not because he challenged Fulbright on vital issues, but because he could sport an affable smile. He suggested that perhaps a Senator should talk things over with the home crowd and push their whims, rather than his own, in Washington, D.C. He stood not for internationalism but for parochial self-interest, an aspect of human nature which Fulbright found as incomprehensible as it was insurmountable.

Fulbright respected his own idealism. He took care that all his decisions were deduced from impeccable first causes. Political affairs, he declared, can be reduced to the relationships between men, and it is axiomatic that men, in their natural state, will choose love instead of hate and peace instead of war. Thus, our duty in this world is to "break through the ideological passion and national animosities that fill men's minds with destructive zeal and blind them to what Aldous Huxley called the simple human preferences for life and peace." For those who shared this pristine vision of human nature any means were employable. At times, Fulbright would say, it is necessary that we hunt down the violators of peace the world over with all the force we can muster; at other times, we must eschew force itself as a violator of peace. Indeed, looking back over his career, we can find scarcely any consistency in Fulbright's means of formulating policy, his means of executing policy, or his attitudes toward any one nation. There is utter consistency, however, in his insistence on the vision, the idea, the expectation of ever-arising "new realities" which are perceived only by those few who are pure in mind ("expert") or pure at heart ("moral").

J. Woodrow Fulbright

Ultimately, in Fulbright's career, what was said remains far more important than what was done, and Fulbright talked incessantly about the United States' preparation for a dawning international order and world government. He believed that the imposition of international law binding on all peoples would somehow coincide with a fundamental change in human relationships. Sovereignty, the chief obstacle to peace, must of course be eliminated —anything less will doom humanity to deadlier and costlier wars. Since unilateral actions breed rivalry and jealousy among nations, Fulbright favored internationalizing everything from U.S. foreign aid (removing its demeaning implications for underdeveloped countries) to giving our nuclear secrets to the rest of the world (secrets make others suspicious).

What will the world be like when the internationalist ethos prevails? Well, there will be no conflict, of course, since no man ever really wanted conflict in the first place. What do men really want? "Men everywhere," answered Fulbright, "want to be free from hunger and disease, from insecurity and fear; men everywhere want fellowship and the respect of their fellow men; the chance of personal growth and development." What laws and what sort of societal order will all this require? Fulbright was silent here, for though he delighted in the manufacture of laws, he nonetheless distrusted the values which law must embody. After all, he cautioned, all values are relative and "there is no greater human vanity than the assumption that one's values have universal validity." What if trouble arises, say, when one person objects to another's "personal growth"? Then it is the first person's duty to exercise his great tolerance and marvel at the inexhaustible variety of mankind.

Fulbright (as we know from his literature) was well aware of the similarities between Woodrow Wilson and himself. Both came from the South, both were proud of their academic distinctions, and both advocated a world order based on what Hans Morgenthau has termed "moral utopianism." Needless to say, both were extreme moralists, although Fulbright, unlike Wilson, was extremely moralistic about nothing in particular—and this differentiates their approach to foreign policy. Wilsonian idealism held that what was good for the United States would best serve the interests of the world. American business in Latin America was qualitatively different from German or British business. Fulbright, on the other hand, looked first to the interests of the world and only secondarily to the United States. This partly explains why Wilson could send troops to Mexico or Nicaragua while Fulbright was offended by our intervention in the Dominican Republic crisis.

Both men extolled the virtues of "democracy," but to Wilson democracy was a patented item with tangible attributes —including certain political freedoms, a certain kind of elective machinery, and so forth. Fulbright was more broad-minded. To him, democracy was a mysterious and many-sided gem whose inner meaning we

will never comprehend. We cannot say, he told us, that North Vietnam is any less democratic than our own nation, because we don't really know how Vietnamese democracy works, nor do we understand its violent and despotic and bloody history. Fulbright wondered whether we could ever be justified in *not* defending democracy abroad, in not helping other people join the community of free nations. On the other hand, he wondered whether we were ever justified in defending democracy abroad, in destroying indigenous political traditions. Of course, yet another question arises: if democracy is under attack, doesn't the act of defending it, i.e., militarism, automatically destroy it? Late in his career, Fulbright even asked whether our failure to answer these questions—our lack of belief—was not in fact the deepest problem of all. "Too many people in our nation," he wrote, "don't believe anything with conviction." Fulbright generously avoided this pitfall. He will long be remembered for believing anything with conviction.

Creative Aggression

Fulbright was elected to the House in 1942 and to the Senate in 1944. His first years were spent helping to give birth to the United Nations, an enterprise which in later years failed miserably in meeting his high expectation. (In 1947, for instance, the disillusioned Fulbright declared in debate that attempting to act through the UN was like not acting at all.) After the outbreak of world war, he ridiculed "appeasement idiocy and isolationist nonsense." He pointed out that the world had grown so interdependent that conflicts in any part of the world necessarily involved the rest. The Axis powers fought World War II because they believed they could win by employing the old policy of "one-by-one" (later known as the "domino theory"). Urging that the United States wage a "creative-aggressive war" rather than merely a defensive war, Fulbright exclaimed, "If we deny the Nazis their kind of world, isn't it our obligation to the world to create a better one? Isn't it possible for us to want to create our world with the same fanaticism as the Germans want theirs?" Consequently, after the 1946 elections swept in a Republican Congress, Fulbright presented his first theory regarding the relationship of the Congress to the Presidency. Because, he argued, a deadlock between these two branches would jeopardize the consistency of our foreign policy, President Truman should resign and appoint a Republican Secretary of State. He proposed that the United States adopt the British system, where a new regime is constituted whenever the majority shifts in Parliament. It was a boldly innovative scheme, but it met with little reaction, except a few words from Truman about that "overeducated Oxford s.o.b."

Happily, the animosity between Truman and Fulbright was soon forgotten. With the heat on the President in 1947, Fulbright defended Truman's authority: "Under our system of government, the President has a particular responsibility in our foreign relations. He has access to information which, in the nature of things, we cannot have, and he is in constant touch with members of the State Department, who are directly charged with conducting our affairs with foreign nations." When debate arose over Truman's right to send troops abroad in 1951, Fulbright argued: "If in the exercise of his best judgment the defense of this country requires the sending of troops to Europe, he [the President] has the power and duty to do so . . . . It would be dangerous for our future welfare to change the underlying principle simply because a strong minority or even a majority of Congress may lack confidence in the wisdom of the Executive in some particular instance such as the present one." Fulbright concluded that the Bricker Amendment, which would limit the treaty-making powers of the President, would "effectively throttle the President's conduct of foreign relations."

Although in the forties he had urged leniency toward the Soviets, Fulbright had become such a determined cold warrior by Eisenhower's first term that he criticized the "stagnation" in our foreign policy which was seriously jeopardizing national security. Our spirit had gone soft. At first he accused Eisenhower of lack of leadership, but then balked at the Eisenhower Doctrine in 1958, which would authorize the President to use American armed forces as he feels necessary to protect Middle Eastern nations threatened by communism. Fulbright attacked the abandonment of the Senate's "advice and consent," an abandonment which corrupted our constitutional system of checks and balances. Americans would be placed at the mercy of naked executive power if they granted the President this virtual blank check. A year later, Fulbright affirmed the President's privileges during the Berlin crisis. "Clearly the Executive Branch must have a free hand in finding an acceptable solution to the Berlin question." Fulbright differentiated these two cases by keen application of a noteworthy principle: that the president can assume any policy making power only when it is the right thing that he do so.

Expertise, Not Emotion

Nothing worried Fulbright so much as the growing technological and political complexity of foreign policy and the seeming inability of the public and the Senate to reach informed judgments. In the late fifties, he suggested that Americans meet this challenge by a massive public education program. Policy decisions ought to be guided by expertise, not emotion, said Fulbright; at the national level we must adopt a nonpartisan foreign policy which could be debated rationally without divisive party politics. How could we ever have a nonpartisan foreign policy? With Kennedy's accession to the Presidency, Fulbright hit upon the answer—we simply remove all formal Senate influence. Fulbright's argument was formidable. After all, he asked, who was responsible for crushing Wilson's League of Nations Resolution? And who weakened our national morale with the internecine McCarthy hearings? Weren't they all Senators? "The ability of a nation to focus its powers depends upon the people," and only a single, charismatic leader can give the people a "zest for action." The Senate was still of some importance, but only insofar as it could "explain and rationalize the burden which the people bear . . . help them to the degree of understanding which will compel their agreement."

The Senate as well as the "people" must be compelled to agree. This was an emerging "new reality" which Fulbright first described in 1961. Though our constitutional machinery might have been well-suited to a remote agrarian republic in the eighteenth century, he wrote, America's pre-eminent political and military power demonstrate its hopeless inadequacies. "The source of an effective foreign policy under our system is presidential power . . . . As Commander in Chief of the armed forces, the President has full responsibility, which cannot be shared, for military decisions in a world in which the difference between safety and cataclysm can be a matter of hours or minutes." The most dangerous threat to presidential authority was the system of checks and balances which "hobbled the President by too niggardly a grant of power." Ordinary citizens and Congressmen are absorbed in local issues—and their partisan politics and amateurism can endanger policy. Only the President, and those expert enough to serve him, can provide the necessary guidance. The price of survival requires that we abandon some of our "democratic luxuries" of the past.

Fulbright, Humanist

Looking back a few years, Fulbright praised Johnson's congressional support of Eisenhower: "It seems clear to me that in foreign affairs a Senate cannot invite or force large events or substitute its judgment of things for that of the President, without seriously jeopardizing the ability of the nation to act consistently, and also without confusing the image and purpose of this country in the eyes of others." This last point was expressed again several months later (August 1961) in an address to the National War College. Fulbright condemned extremist dissenters because "now, as in the past, the success of our national policies must be rooted in the basic unity and consensus of the American people. This consensus, in a time of overriding danger, must of necessity consist in unified support of our elected leaders and especially the President of the United States, the Commander in Chief of our armed forces . . . ." Or, as Fulbright insisted in 1963, "We must, and should, trust whatever President is in the White House."

Fulbright's internationalism had been eclipsed for more than a decade by cold-war rhetoric and paeans to executive power. Then, with Kennedy's Atmospheric Test Ban Treaty, the old ideas enjoyed a rebirth. The cold war is over, Fulbright announced; the Russians have reappraised their adventurous policies and have tacitly agreed to accept the United States' strategic superiority. He opposed the Bay of Pigs invasion, and though he kept his opinion on this matter private, his *Old Myths and New Realities* (published in 1964) made it clear that he was shifting toward a broader, international understanding of the world's problems. Here Fulbright (treading knowingly, no doubt, in the footsteps of Ruskin) contrasted the good "humanistic" strain of our national character against the bad "puritan" strain—and then decided that he is one of the few who represent the former. In his most quotable passage, he wrote that " . . . the sovereign nation itself is the most

pervasive of the old myths that blind us to the realities of our time."

For several years to come, Fulbright clung doggedly to his trust in the Presidency. He advised President Johnson that "An effective foreign policy is one which concerns itself more with innovation abroad than conciliation at home. A creative foreign policy . . . is not necessarily one which aims for immediate approval." The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution (1964) carried Fulbright's complete sponsorship. During the Senate debate he conceded that the resolution would authorize "whatever the Commander in Chief feels is necessary," including the landing of large armies in Vietnam. But, in the end, Fulbright felt that he had been betrayed by both President Johnson and President Nixon. He, Fulbright, had supported their authority, but they, in their turn, had squandered it. They did not follow his advice. Their policies were neither creative nor enlightened. The lasting disappointment of Fulbright's career was the manner in which two consecutive Presidents perversely confused their national executive power with the "old myth" of "national sovereignty."

The Arrogance of Power (published in 1966) proclaimed by its title Fulbright's dawning awareness of the real problem. What we need isn't experts, he declared; what we need is a moral and decent citizenry which can guide its leaders. And what we need isn't unity; what we need is a rekindling of the sacred American tradition of dissent. Senators should dissent. Students should dissent. To dissent is to be as American as Thoreau, and will cause foreigners to respect us. Fulbright also began here his long retreat—though executed with remarkable enthusiasm—back to a more "traditional" position on Senate duties. The Senate "has the responsibility to review the conduct of foreign policy by the President and his advisors, to render advice whether it is solicited or not, and to grant or withhold consent to major acts of foreign policy." Furthermore, the Senate should engage in molding long-term policy, while the Senate Foreign Relations Committee performs the especially important task of linking diverse opinions with the policy makers in Washington.

A Man of Ideas

Years passed before Fulbright realized to what extent ruthless power and Byzantine politicking had corrupted the American spirit. *The Crippled Giant* (1972) was a vindictive, humorless book. It was filled with dreadful predictions, and a bitter sense that the world is so much more sordid than it need be. Fulbright warned that America had become a presidential dictatorship—at least in foreign policy. He explained why he favored limiting President Nixon's maneuverability in foreign policy by restrictive legislation. Though Congress may be slow and inefficient, it posed no threat to the liberties of the American people, acting as their true voice; but unless Congress reasserted its powers, consitutional democracy in the United States would be destroyed. Over the last generation, he summarized, we have tried in every way to help humanity and the world. But each time we have failed through the overuse or abuse of power. Perhaps it is best that we serve internationalism by relinquishing our effort and removing our awful presence from the globe. With such sentiments still lingering, Fulbright was removed from public office last year.

Fulbright was, almost exclusively, a man of ideas. Indeed he found specific actions and events rather distasteful (it relieved him to think that only particular nations, not the world as a whole, can be held responsible for everything that actually occurs). At the beginning of his career, he resembled Wilson in the substance of his ideals and the rhetoric he used to advocate them. By the end of his career, his imagination and sophistication had taken him further than Wilson had ever dared, and his extreme moralism had turned back upon itself. Soon after the Second World War, he believed very earnestly that law and democracy were sacred the world over, that "the evil and insidious materialism of the Communists is a greater danger to us than their guns," and that a strong U.S. executive should ensure that law and democracy prevail. But like any good philosopher, Fulbright learned to doubt. Soon after the Vietnam War he was convinced that law and democracy are value-bound, just one good way among many of doing things; that wars are never "a clash between good and evil" so much as "simply a clash between conflicting interests"; and that values themselves—"the political implications" here are "enormous," Fulbright believed—are not acquired "as the result of an independent intellectual process, but largely as the result of an accident of birth." Late in his career, Fulbright complained that "the values of life which were clear to the Pilgrims and the Founding Fathers have become dim and fussy in outline." But of course this is what Fulbright, humanist and internationalist, always wanted to happen. □

Philip Vander Elst

Why Britain Is So Left-Wing

BRITAIN HAS BEEN RULED by Conservative governments during roughly three quarters of the last forty years, yet puzzlingly enough, she begins more and more to resemble the prototype Socialist State. Government spends half the Gross National Product and accounts for almost half of total investment; a quarter of the total working population is employed by public bodies; fifteen industries are nationalized at least in part; and one third of the population lives in municipal housing. Statistics, however, only tell part of the story. More significantly still, the very currency of political debate in Britain is loaded with pro-collectivist connotations. Phrases like the "Welfare State" and "the public services" are used in such a way as to suggest that anything which is a service is necessarily altruistic and as such must be provided by government. People talk of "our free National Health Service," oblivious of the fact that it is financed by taxes which hit just about everybody. The elementary economic notion that all resources are scarce and must therefore as far as possible be rationed between competing uses by the price mechanism, is but feebly grasped. Most obnoxious of all, terms like "excess profits," "social justice," and "fairness" are bandied about with little thought given to the inherently subjective valuations they reflect. The result? Government after government cheerfully plunges into the quicksand of statutory control on wages and prices, and ministers stump up and down the country delivering patronizing sermons about "backing Britain" and the necessity of curbing "sectional greed."

That the Conservatives have not only been unable to prevent Britain's twentieth-century drift to collectivism but have actually encouraged it at times (particularly during the 1930s), is a remarkable tribute to the power of ideas in molding societies and nations. So-called pragmatists, who like to think of politics as the art of the possible, are usually unaware that what at any time is deemed "politically possible" is itself a product of the prevailing climate of ideas. If proper allowance is made for the time lag between the expression of an idea and its universal acceptance, the truth of this becomes immediately apparent. As Keynes put it in a famous passage in *The General Theory*:

"Practical men who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas. Not, indeed immediately, but after a certain interval; for in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But, soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil."

The advance of British socialism is explained by the intellectual history of Britain in the last eighty years, which is the history of the development and acceptance of socialist ideas.

From about the turn of the century onwards, a small, intellectually powerful band, devoted to their cause and disinterested in its pursuit, inaugurated a campaign of education in socialist theory, which, though ideological in its ends, was by contrast, highly pragmatic in its means. The early socialists, the most eminent of whom were Beatrice and Sidney Webb, set out to win all sections of public opinion to their way of thinking. There was no discrimination between the political parties; Conservatives were often wooed as assiduously as trade unionists and Labour M.P.'s. The Webbs, in particular, wielded great influence because of their willingness to engage in research, to prepare speeches, and to write articles for others, while they themselves stayed very much in the background. Their capacity to work through people minimized opposition and enormously increased the range of opinion over which their views were disseminated. Ironically enough, the Webbs were able to do all this largely as a result of the opportunities their private wealth afforded them to run a house with servants in which they could hold parties and give dinners for the purpose of fostering contacts and encouraging sympathizers.

A Generation of Fabians

A whole generation grew up in politics and in the universities, deeply imbued with socialist ideals and reforming zeal. Thus Beatrice Webb was able to write in her autobiography, *Our Partnership*, that she and her husband: "feel assured that with the School [London School of Economics] as a teaching body, the Fabian Society as a propagandist organization, the LCC [London County Council] Progressives as an object lesson in electoral success, our books as the only elaborate original work in economic fact and theory, no young man or woman who is anxious to study or to work in public affairs can fail to come under our influence."

It is said that every action provokes an equal and opposite reaction, but this was certainly not true of the intellectual trends of the time. Socialism encountered no significant ideological resistance from the Right. The old liberalism (in the European sense) of the nineteenth century was dying. Herbert Spencer's *Man against the State* (1899) was practically the last major philosophical assault on the principles of collectivism launched in Britain, until the appearance more than forty years later of Hayek's *Road to Serfdom*. As for the Conservatives, they were caught up in the dream of Empire and consequently their social policies were paternalist and their economics protectionist. After 1918, the utopian visions and moral judgments of the socialists dominated the literary and political establishments. Lloyd Georgian Liberals proclaimed their social radicalism while the Conservatism of Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain strove to accommodate and pacify the growing militancy of organized labor. There were only two ill-fated and short-lived Labour Administrations between the Wars and never once a socialist majority in the House of Commons, yet their opponents were always intellectually and morally on the defensive. This was the age of the Stracheys and the Bloomsbury Set, articulating the disenchantment with liberal society felt by many in the wake of the bitterness and desolation of the First World War.

Events only seemed to confirm the criticisms and prognostications of the Left as the British economy sank into the Depression in the aftermath of the Great Crash. Schumpeter predicted the death of capitalism and Bernard Shaw viewed Russia "as the wave of the future." That these cataclysms owed nothing to the spirit and doctrines of liberalism was not understood. Few were there to point out that the collapse of Wall Street in 1929 was a tribute to the State's mismanagement of the monetary system. Capitalism, not the Federal Reserve banks, was put in the tumbril. Few were there to warn of the dire consequences for the international economy and domestic employment of the ensuing tariff wars upon which the major trading nations embarked with such misplaced energy. Everywhere the State abused its stewardship and destroyed the regulating mechanisms of economic liberalism, but the closing of factory gates and the lengthening bread lines were blamed on the market. Even the responsibility for the Great War, historically produced by statist rivalries—by nationalism and protectionism—was laid at the door of "the Gospel of Mammon."

The center of gravity of political debate in the thirties shifted steadily to the Left. The cartelization of British industry under the Conservative governments of this period was largely inspired by socialist ideas about transport licensing and marketing boards. By the time the Second World War was over and the first majority socialist government formed under Attlee, the antisocialist cause had been severely compromised by the unjustifiable existence of numerous large private monopolies. The quality and inner consistency of the Conservative fight against nationalization was consequently gravely weakened.

In the postwar years the Conservatives have remained on the intellectual defensive and as a result have done almost nothing radical about breaking up the public sector and streamlining the Welfare State. Although the inefficiency of socialism has by now been repeatedly demonstrated, although its intellectual pretensions and moral claims have been exposed and refuted by giants like Mises, Hayek, Friedman, and Rothbard, most politicians, journalists, teachers, and academics, are still marked by the legacy of the 1930s and 1940s. Many figures now prominent in British public life and in the Civil Service, were in their formative years during the decade before the War and have never completely shrugged off the mental association of unemployment and hunger marches with capitalism. In turn they have instilled their convictions and prejudices into the minds of the succeeding generation. As yet, the countercurrents of libertarian scholarship, mainly nurtured in the United States, have achieved little significant penetration of the groves of British academe and have made even less impact on the self-consciously pragmatic style of Conservative politics, with the notable and towering exception of Mr. Enoch Powell.

A historical explanation of the growth of socialist thinking in Britain is incomplete without an attempt at conveying some of the deeply rooted psychological attitudes which have favored this development.

The British, like any other nation, are the prisoners of their history. That history has made them a relatively conservative and aristocratic people with a respect for tradition and hierarchy, and a dislike for the brashness, classlessness, and individualism of commercial civilization. Observers may be surprised at this evaluation of a nation that inaugurated the Industrial Revolution and more than any other, depends for her livelihood on foreign trade and world markets. One would expect a country boasting the financial expertise of the City of London and importing two thirds of her food and raw materials, to be anything but anticapitalist in its ethos, yet the record stands. "Trade" has never been an entirely respectable activity in the eyes of the British. Though its vital importance has always been acknowledged, its status as an occupation has never been on a level with that of the great traditional professions of law, medicine, and the armed forces. The professions have always been regarded as embodying the notion of "service" while trade, in comparison, has been seen as an essentially self-seeking search for profits.

The Spurious Dichotomy

These attitudes have been as strongly entrenched in the minds of those engaged in trade and manufacture as in others. The establishment of the public school (private schools in American terminology) system of education, founded in the nineteenth century, was principally designed to educate the sons of the new middle-class industrialists into the ways and outlook of the aristocracy, with the stress being laid on patriotism, duty, and public service. The profit motive has been no more popular with the upper classes in Britain than with the working classes. In short, British capitalism has never had a widely recognized moral base and its reputation has consequently suffered.

In the country where economics was first dubbed "the dismal science," little attention has been paid to the link between the free market and the free society. The wider libertarian dimension of economic liberalism has usually been ignored in Britain because the noneconomic implications of different kinds of economic organization have been subjected to inadequate scrutiny. Hence the Left has got away with its creation of a spurious dichotomy between the spiritual richness of the socialist commonwealth and the acquisitive materialism of capitalist society. That freedom is, in Hayek's words, "the source and condition of all moral values," and is compatible only with an economic system in which power is dispersed through competitive markets, has never been widely understood here.

The trouble with Britain is that she has enjoyed the benefits of freedom and constitutional government for so long, that she has tended to take her liberties for granted and has given too little thought to the framework of ideas and institutions which can alone preserve her heritage unstained. □

Jane Rachner

Ms. Mitty's New American Dream

IMITATION, the sincerest form of flattery, may also be the subtlest form of treachery. When used by the Women's Movement at least, it turns out that way. The Movement offers a new American Dream not unlike the old in the superficiality of its appeal, and one which may lead to even greater disappointment. The fault ff the new Dream, like that of the old, is its emphasis on money and status instead of on deeper and more enduring rewards. "The chance to become important and admired by those outside your home will be yours as soon as you find day-care for the kids," say the feminists to Ms. Mitty. To promote the new, female version of the American Dream, they slight the delights a woman gets from identifying with her own children and watching them grow and develop. They ignore and indeed altogether deny the natural instinctiveness of these pleasures and suggest that such joys, if not sinfully possessive and capitalistic, are at least low-class and anti-intellectual.

Politically as well as culturally, imitation is the feminists' method. Even the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) which they support is nothing more than a copy of the old equal rights amendment, the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. The simple wording of the Equal Rights Amendment is "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." Who can disagree with a statement like that? No one of course, but our country's Constitution already contains such a statement. As Senator Sam Ervin (D–N.C.) pointed out in his efforts to stop passage of the ERA by the U.S. Senate, sex discrimination has already been specifically outlawed by court interpretations of the Fourteenth Amendment, the language of which goes like this: "No state shall . . . abridge the privileges . . . of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The Fourteenth Amendment covers the same ground as the ERA and more, except it uses the word "privileges" instead of "rights." But many legislators have felt that to vote against ERA would be like voting against our existing Fourteenth Amendment.

In any event, the construction of a special amendment for a special application of the Fourteenth Amendment is an absurd precedent to initiate. Whoever finds ground for an amendment that singles out gender as a cause of discrimination can find grounds for a whole string of amendments, each specifically naming another frequent cause of unfair bias. Where the Equal Rights Amendment says "on account of sex," future amendments might just as reasonably substitute "on account of age." Or in place of the word "sex" or the word "age" why not substitute "race," "religion," "marital status," "personal appearance," "prison record," "emotional history," "socioeconomic class," "political views," "medical history," and so on? If it isn't fair for a personnel director to hire a man instead of a woman for the job of night watchman, neither is it fair for him to hire a young girl instead of an old woman as a receptionist or a handsome man instead of an ugly one as a salesman. If we have to single out each important cause of possible discrimination and write an amendment to emphasize it, we will need at least this many for a start—and maybe a dozen more. With such a proliferation of possible causes of discrimination, it is laws, not amendments, that are needed. Any law preventing discrimination has the power of the Constitution backing it already.

If the Equal Rights Amendment were merely a superfluous special application of the Fourteenth Amendment its imitative nature would be nothing but a form of flattery. But by leaving out the phrase "equal protection of the laws" and seeming to snub its importance, it invites legislators to snub it as well and becomes a form of treachery against the working class. A movement that was not elitist, that cared about women of all socioeconomic levels, would not treat "protection" as unimportant, considering the long struggle that workers engaged in to get protective legislation for women.

The feminists prefer the word "rights" to "privileges" partly in imitation of the natural rights theory which gave liberalism its historical start, but also because "rights" suggests something to demand while "privileges" suggests something to be grateful for, and gratitude supposedly is a feminine weakness. By insisting that every woman has a "right" to be an engineer, surgeon, dockworker, coal miner, and so on, the feminists exert a commendable influence against the old-fashioned sex stereotyping of jobs and professions.

But their use of the word "right" carries deceptive connotations, first, that the right is a God-given natural one, and second, that the right is always desirable. A right to a job is not granted by God or government. It is acquired by bringing motivation, hard work, and commitment to meet opportunity.

Nor is a right necessarily desirable. Ms. Mitty and her husband have a right, for example, to attend the opening night of the symphony dressed in reverse to custom—he wearing a long gown and she wearing one of his suits. But must they treat this right as a privilege? The women of Cuba have a right to have their chicurritos cared for all day in government centers. They can leave them early in the morning on their way to work and pick them up late in the evening. Their government grants this right, but is it a privilege? Some of the Movement women apparently think so. In fact, one of the foci of the Women's Movement is the demand for day-care centers. This demand feeds both guises of the Janus-faced goal of the liberals, which is to collect more and more taxes, and to provide more and more government services. Thus the Women's Movement reveals the double *b* in Liberalism by bringing new revenue from the enlarged female work force and buying a new voting block of women who have been successfully seduced by promises of free child care.

Members of women's organizations forestall criticism of Libberalism by insisting that there is no one "Movement" but a variety of "movements"; this verbal trickery gives their members *carte blanche* to court publicity by sensational pronouncements without fear of bringing criticism down upon the Movement as a whole. But thoughtful critics should not be put off by this insistence on pluralism in the Movement to the point of ignoring certain common characteristics of feminist rhetoric, some of which are very dangerous.

The most positive aspect of this rhetoric is its effect in broadening the image of feminity, expanding vistas of women limited in the past by rigid preconceptions and discrimination. But is sex discrimination always bad? Like any other process of discrimination, sex discrimination is a sin when it harms anyone, either male or female, but a virtue when it helps them. Our government discriminates against wealthy people by making them pay proportionately more taxes than the poor, yet we consider this discrimination a virtue. Enjoying child support payments from divorced fathers is sex discrimination, but is it wrong? Granting some flaws in the program of Aid to Dependent Children, its value is not the less for being based on sex discrimination. Perhaps what is needed is more, not less, sex discrimination by industry and the professions, in order that they may provide working mothers of young children with special, and *better*, opportunities than men can get for high quality jobs that take relatively few hours away from home.

The greatest evil of Libberalism is the threat its narrowness poses for the rights of children. By picturing the married woman as a slave to her husband and children, the promoters of the new American Dream drive a wedge between women's rights and children's rights. Moreover, all of the Movement's solutions for the problems of the nuclear family involve Big Motherism by the government. They urge the establishment of enough government-sponsored day-care centers to accommodate every child whose mother wants to work, regardless of the responsibilities she is casting aside. The feminist woman need ask herself only the hedonistic question, "What is my pleasure?" not the Kantian question, "What is my duty?"

The Libberal litany of "Do your own thing no matter what" demotes those options that are really most desirable for individuals and for society. Isn't the do-your-own-thing advocacy a personalized imitation of the laissez-faire economics that the Libberals decry? They unjustly equate Adam Smith's economic theory with the simplistic presumption that self-interest at the corporate level is bound to work for the good of all. Yet they introduce the very presupposition they scorn to the civil liber-

tarian level and pass it off as avant-garde existentialism.

At least one young woman writer, Arianna Stassinopoulos, sees the moral deficiencies of Women's Lib: "Women's Lib regards virtue, altruism and sacrifice as signs of weakness, as the marks of a slave mentality. It weighs up the world in terms of sheer utilitarian egotism. This crude view of ethics underlies their concept of society as a whole as well as of specific personal ties." And, she might have added, particularly the ties of mothers to children. As individuals we may lose the art of having fun with our children if we let the feminists spread the rumor that taking care of children is a bore. And as a society we may be doomed if we ignore the evidence—e.g., the research of New York psychologist Matthew Besdine—that creativity and genius are more often the products of overmothering than of undermothering.

When the day comes that technological development reduces the fulltime work week for all men and women from forty to twenty hours, or when variations in the hours and days available for interesting employment at all levels of prestige go around the clock and around the calendar, then it will make sense to speak of a family environment in which children are not neglelcted even though both parents work fulltime. Until that day, we need to speak up for the importance of parental care of children and the preservation of private homes, not homes that are empty most of the day but homes that are used and enjoyed. The establishment of government day-care centers will lead invariably to the obsolescence of home ownership and private property, and a derivative of this homelessness will be a bland mediocrity of personalities and abilities for succeeding generations. □

Racing With the Left to Armageddon

WHEN BARRY GOLDWATER ran against Lyndon Johnson for the Presidency in 1964, the Democrats decided to capitalize on the Republican nominee's opposition to the Administration's Nuclear Test Ban Treaty (and his supposed "trigger-happiness" in general) by running a pair of rather infamous television advertisements on the topic. One of these featured a little girl of about seven, walking through a field and counting aloud as she picked petals off a daisy. When she reached ten, a man's voice joined hers and began to count backwards to zero, at which point an explosion was heard and the screen dissolved into a giant mushroom cloud. In the background, a voice-over explained how all this related to the Arizona Senator's strategic thinking. The other sixty-second spot featured a young child eating an ice cream cone, while a gentle woman's voice informed the youngster that there was "something called Carbon-14" that could float down from the sky and turn the lad's ice cream into a killer. And did you know, she continued, that there is a man who wants to be President of the United States who thinks we should keep testing the bombs that put this foul substance in the atmosphere? Well, needless to say, this was vivid stuff (indeed, although I was only thirteen years old when this was beaming over the nation's airwaves, I retain perfectly clear pictures of both commercials). But some people thought the ads were a bit much, even considering the individual they were directed against. So after a little gentle chiding from some basically friendly sources (*Time*, for example, thought the ads were worth a little homily on dirty campaign tactics), these one-minute vignettes on "the child in the nuclear age" left the air.

Of course, Goldwater went down in flames so badly that it's hard to sort out exactly how much each of the various "issues" of that year contributed to the outcome. It is possible, in fact, that the particular commercials discussed above were so crass that they actually backfired and cost the Democrats a few votes. Nevertheless, it is pretty clear that in projecting a general image of Goldwater as some kind of foolish nuclear gunslinger with an A-bomb in his holster, hollering "draw" across the ocean to his Russian counterpart, the press and the Democratic Party helped swell the margin of defeat considerably. After all, if there is one person that Americans don't want in the White House, it's the man who's going to start that putative holocaust known as World War III. And by and large, the Democrats did a good job of making Goldwater look like the fellow who might do just that.

The point of all this is not so much to resurrect memories of the 1964 campaign as it is to illustrate a certain mind-set that continues to predominate public discourse on nuclear weapons in this country. It is true that the national media, no longer haunted by the specter of a Goldwater Presidency, have taken to portraying the Senator as a likeable and honorable (if somewhat eccentric) old gentleman, and have not bothered to find a replacement for him as the personal embodiment of nuclear irresponsibility. But the sort of gut-level horror that the tasteless TV ads of 1964 were directed at persists as the bottom line of any discussion of nuclear armament. The only difference is that this "horror factor" is now expressed in a more generalized, less *ad hominem* fashion—the most common example of which is the regular hand-wringing, at periodic intervals, over something called "the spiraling nuclear arms race."

Any publication worth its salt will go to the mat on this topic. Ever since the first atomic bomb, we are told, "the proliferation of nuclear weapons has terrified the better part of the world" (*Newsweek*, July 8, 1974, p. 43). The terror is intensified by the competition in this area among the major powers, leading to a situation where the "Russians want 'parity,' and we will blow up the world, or at least go to the brink, before letting them have it" (*Nation*, July 20, 1974, p. 34). And it is all so silly, since each superpower can blow the others off the map several times over. After all, it takes only 100 warheads to kill 100 million people, and by the time the interim SALT agreement ends in 1977, we'll have 9700 warheads and the Russians will own 4000 (*Newsweek*, July 8, 1974, p. 24). Indeed, things have come to such a pass that even if we aim our bombs at enemy missiles instead of enemy cities (which, in simplified form, is part of Defense Secretary Schlesinger's current strategy), we only make things worse. For this gives the idea of using nuclear weapons "a terrifying respectability," the "tragic irony" of which is that it "serves only to increase the odds that [nuclear holocaust] might occur" (*Progressive*, June 1974, pp. 10-11). And the ultimate villain of the arms race, "the main problem," is the "rapid burst of technological advances" (*Newsweek*, July 8, 1974, p. 24), forcing us ever farther down an increasingly expensive and frightening road, using up precious resources just to keep pace with the competition, and all the while bringing us closer and closer to blowing the earth to bits. Which, unless we all come to our senses and put a stop to it, is precisely what will happen.

In a nutshell, then, we are told that the "spiraling arms race," expecially with technological development, causes higher spending, produces more destructive weaponry that is less subject to control, and hence further undermines what little stability remains on the international scene. Indeed, this belief is so familiar and so widely accepted that in most stories, be they about SALT or ABM's or whatever, it is usually just incorporated by reference as the common denominator of shared thinking that must underlie any discussion of nuclear weaponry among intelligent men. The only problem with this little thesis is that it is simply not true.

Recently, Professor Albert Wohlstetter of the University of Chicago took the trouble to document this in an article entitled

"Clocking the Strategic Arms Race" that appeared in the September 24, 1974 edition of the *Wall Street Journal*. As Prof. Wohlstetter points out, neither spending on strategic weaponry nor the relative destructiveness of our strategic force has expanded in the last decade. Indeed, precisely the opposite has occurred. For example, strategic spending, (corrected for inflation and expressed in 1974 dollars), has declined from levels that three times exceeded $19 billion a year in the period between 1956 and 1961 to a current level of about $6.77 billion. In the last thirteen years, spending in this field has declined at an average annual rate of about 8 percent.

A similar development emerges when one moves from counting dollars to measuring destructive power, as Prof. Wohlstetter demonstrates in several ways. The total explosive energy yield (megatonnage) of our strategic stockpile has declined from a peak in the early 1960s of roughly two-and-one-half times the 1972 amount to a level that is approximately equivalent to what we possessed in 1956. The number of offensive and defensive warheads peaked in 1964 at a level about 30 percent higher than that of 1972, which in turn was about equal to the number of warheads we had in 1960. And in terms of "equivalent megatonnage" (EMT), i.e., the area on which the U.S. strategic force could inflict structural damage, nuclear destructiveness has been halved since its peak in 1960, with a concomitant decline in potential fallout.

The most significant development, however, is not the mere facts of decline outlined above. Rather, it is that the oft-cited bugaboo of advancing technology, far from escalating the dangers of a holocaust, has again had precisely an opposite effect. Consider, for example, two of the major technological advancements discussed by Prof. Wohlstetter: development of fusion weapons as replacements for the earlier fission models, and improvements in the speed, size, and targetting abilities of ballistic missiles. When each of these technologies were developed, according to Prof. Wohlstetter, it was feared they would "inevitably" increase the dangers of nuclear war. Instead, they "opened up new opportunities to increase the stability of the force. The principal effect of fusion technology was not so much to make weapons higher in yield, but to make low and medium-yield weapons smaller, lighter, and cheaper. This in turn made it possible to put them in rockets more easily protected by blast shelters or in constantly moving submarines. An attempt simply to stop or slow this technology would have reduced the survivability of deterrent forces and therefore diminished international stability."

In short, technology need not be (and in fact, has not been) devoted merely to increasing destructiveness, to getting "a bigger bang for the buck." On the contrary, it is the best route available for developing a strategic force that first, is more secure, and hence less vulnerable to a "first strike" aimed at destroying it; that second, has numerous, discriminate uses, yielding a whole range of options between total response and total inaction, and thus a more believeable, realistic, and hence effective deterrent; and that finally, is more subject to discrete political control, and hence more an instrument than a determinant of policy. It should in turn be apparent that each of these developments serves only to enhance the chances for stability in a nuclear world.

Little of this, however, receives recognition in the popular stereotype, which insists on viewing nuclear policy in terms of some mythical golden age, past or future, devoid of nuclear weapons. Perhaps the world was a more pleasant place before the atomic bomb (although the immediate historical prelude to the bomb's development tends to cast doubt on such a view). And perhaps we should even have followed the suggestion of that lover of peace, Bertrand Russell, and threatened the Soviets with nuclear weapons back when we had a monopoly on them. But none of this is relevant now, for the simple fact is that there *are* nuclear weapons, and all the major powers possess them. In this situation, the gut-level fear of holocaust and the sentimental longing for a world without the bomb represents little more than an effort to escape reality, and can hardly be the foundation for an intelligent nuclear policy.

And the final irony is that the liberals really should be in there pitching the other way on this one. For once, we really do have a situation where science and technology and "rationality," that holy troika the liberals keep urging us to apply to all the "social problems" they are forever discovering, can actually make a difference toward improving our lot. And it even involves government spending! Now if they can only get beyond telling us over and over again how dreadful it is that bombs are really here, the nation might get on with the business of making our strategic force so effective and so stable that we never have to use it. □

Book Review/Robert McTiernan

A Vestige of the New Deal

JOHN ROCHE'S new book is a collection of essays on "politics, education, and law," three fields in which he has had distinguished careers. Roche, a former chairman of the Americans for Democratic Action, describes himself as an "antitotalitarian liberal." It is a political persuasion he has held to firmly throughout the 1960s and early 1970s and one that provides the main theme of his essays.

The long (nearly 200 pages) final section of the book focuses on law, and reveals the author's confidence in the effective use of "good" state power. This section contains a fine and accessible discussion of the Constitution's contract clause and civil liberties in the "Age of Enterprise," as well as compendious essays on subjects ranging from the distribution of power to the history of expatriation law. But unfortunately, while Mr. Roche's legal essays are subtle and intelligent, they are distinctly historical and the issues he deals with have comparatively little relevance to current constitutional and political questions. None of these essays, for example, address such recent consequences of judicial activism as busing to achieve racial balance, new mandatory criminal procedures, reapportionment, and so forth.

Section 2, entitled "Education," provides a witty and spirited defense of academic freedom. Roche believes that teachers and scholars should not be restrained from expressing their views or be held responsible for the political use others make of their ideas. The quiet that reigns on college campuses today does not necessarily arise from any renewed respect for academic freedom, and using his own career as an example, Roche demonstrates the need for continuing affirmation of the principle.

Sentenced to Life: Reflections on Politics, Education, and Law

by John Roche
MacMillan $12.95

When Roche was a young professor at Haverford, an American Legion official suggested that he be banned from teaching for criticizing Joe McCarthy. His subsequent experiences were even more discouraging. Like many other liberals, Roche thought that a decade of resistance had tamed the yahoos of the Right and had made academic freedom an unassailable American value; but then the New Left, with many allies among opinion makers and important persons within the university itself, began its war on free thought and free speech in the academic community. By 1965, for instance, Senator Ernest Gruening had pronounced Roche "unfit" to teach because of his support for the war in Vietnam.

Throughout these pages, the author is nevertheless able to maintain his sense of humor as well as the courage, as he puts it, to be "unfashionable." He defines the university's function as "education, not service," whether that "service" comes under the guise of antiwar agitation or of classified government research. And his writings display both his abhorrence of all forms of "right-think" and his firm faith in

learning as a humanizing process, worthwhile for its own sake.

The first section of *Sentenced to Life* reveals the same clear thinking that the author displays in the other two parts of his book. It contains musings on the importance of the Kennedy Administration for modern politics, on the peculiarly nonideological nature of the American electorate, and on the relation of intellectuals to the Presidency. The essays on foreign policy, however, are the most interesting in the section, and the major contribution of the book.

In international affairs, John Roche is a disciple of those two Deans of the "containment" school, Secretaries of State Acheson and Rusk. He endorses the "essential proposition" of their policy, i.e., if the West holds the line against expansionism of Communist regimes, a transformation will eventually (and gradually) occur in them to undermine their imperialist drives. "Holding the line" clearly implies that world stability and freedom rest on the "good" state power of the United States. For Roche, an isolationism that abandons the world to totalitarianism is a "moral monstrosity," whether it is the policy of guilt-ridden New Leftists or of the moralistic xenophobes of the Old Right.

The corollary of the "essential proposition" of "containment" theory is that "to refuse to intervene is itself a form of intervention." This brand of anticommunism, however, is not unrestrained by moderation or prudence. While morally as "liberationist" as John Foster Dulles', it avoids bombastic rhetoric like his that blurs all distinction between actions that are necessary, those that contain imperialistic iniatives, and those that merely antagonize our enemies.

Of course, the War in Vietnam was the direct result of these general principles, and the greater part of the author's discussion of foreign policy deals with American involvement in Southeast Asia. Roche, as an adviser to President Johnson, was an early supporter of that involvement, and in his book he makes no excuses for that support. Besides clarifying the broad outline and intentions of our Vietnam policy, Roche performs a valuable service in exploding some of the more prevalent and influential myths that have grown up around that policy. We Americans, he argues, have a peculiar habit of convincing ourselves that nations we do not want to fight really have decent governments after all. Thus, as we grew sick of the long list of U.S. casualties resulting from our effort to maintain South Vietnamese independence, many of us transformed Ho Chi Minh from a ruthless Leninist into a benevolent nationalist. By changing our perception of his intentions, we could justify any abandonment of the South to Ho as merely the recognition of a widely popular, democratic leader. We could be relieved of the uneasy conscience that comes with that genuine cost-benefit analysis so necessary for successful and sensible foreign policy; we could not come right out and say that the South Vietnamese, our deserving allies, were costing us more blood and treasure than they were worth.

Roche bravely cites the cruelties visited on the Vietnamese people by North Vietnam and the Viet Cong, cruelties that led Reinhold Niebuhr to describe the regime in the North as a "grotesque dwarf." He also contests the notions that the Thieu government is a dictatorship, that the "domino theory" is without foundation, and that Communism is no longer imperialistic now that it has become a "polycentric movement."

By tracing the step-by-step escalation of our involvement in Vietnam and our repeated efforts to negotiate an end to the war, Roche, in his essay "The Jigsaw Puzzle of History," offers a fine and complete refutation of the "Orwellian" notion that "a few sinister hawks foisted our Southeast Asian policy on an unwilling but helpless mass of liberal doves." This essay is intriguing because, unlike so many critics of our Vietnam policies, Roche admits his fallibility in the difficult task of reconstructing complex events. (Incidentally, we learn that "Lyndon Johnson wanted privacy with his staff, even at the expense of historical exactitude," and that he forbade Roche and his other advisers from taping their conversations with him.) Roche also shows how some policy makers, with the selective and disingenuous use of government documents (classified and declassified) have absolved themselves of all responsibility for a war policy of which they were the principal architects.

"The Vietnam Negotiations," which is also excellent, focuses on a different aspect

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Great American Series

I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after.

—Ernest Hemingway

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

of our Vietnam policy, mainly on why an acceptable settlement was possible in 1973 but not in 1968. The difference, according to Roche, was the pressure American mining and bombing had on North Vietnam (there was less risk of superpower confrontation in 1973 because of the China trip and detente) and the failure of General Giap's invasion of the South. Relying heavily on his own memos to President Johnson, Roche also provides insights into war and politics as practiced by the dedicated revolutionaries of the North Vietnamese politburo. They behaved like "opportunists," to use Leninist terminology, as ruthless as Nazis but without any of the self-destructive recklessness of their fascist counterparts. Their ideology, which guided them at every step, mandated any sacrifice to achieve victory or any concession to assure self-preservation.

It would be unfair, however, to leave the impression that *Sentenced to Life* is mere Johnson Administration apologetics. Roche is an informative guide to the events of the middle sixties, reiterating views he expressed to President Johnson about the military limits of air power and the need for a "strategy" in Asia in addition to "tactics" in Vietnam. Above all, he gives explanations, not excuses, for the tragic delay of Vietnamization during the Johnson years, and he sets the Vietnam War in the broader theoretical context of whether democratic nations are capable of fighting limited wars.

Many students of American politics have recently commented that New Deal liberalism is now a thing of the past. They contend that the interests and ideas which held the diverse segments of the Roosevelt coalition together have in large part dissolved. Roche's book shows that there is still much to be said for the view of American government that motivated the leaders of that coalition. Nevertheless, the "antitotalitarian liberal" consensus is breaking down, and *Sentenced to Life* would be an even better book if Roche brought his experience and intelligence to bear on the "new consciousness" that has seized the liberal Left. Roche fails to discuss not only the domestic issues already mentioned but also the fascination "redistribution" and "equalizing incomes" hold for intellectuals today. He eloquently describes the fight for a "color-blind" Constitution, but never hints at whether "affirmative action" is compatible with that concept. Roche never discusses disillusionment with "good" state power that some of his fellow liberals felt after their experiences with the War on Poverty. *Sentenced to Life* leaves the sense that there is no problem which the power, the dollars, and the good intentions of the federal government cannot solve.

The old political categories are even less applicable in foreign policy than in domestic politics. Everyone has kind words these days for Harry Truman, but the only politicians whom this reviewer has heard praising his foreign policy recently are Senators Buckley and Dole. It is no secret that many liberals have come to think of American postwar foreign policy at best as overzealous and at worst as downright malicious. In turn, many Republicans have traded Robert Taft's isolationism for the McNamara policy of "flexible response." Roche's doubts about Congress' ability to deal with problems, expecially foreign policy problems, again reflect the opinions of Dean Acheson more than the current mood among liberals.

But the essential question we must ask about Roche's containment views is how they relate to problems we are likely to face in the future. He admits that the practical value of preserving South Vietnamese independence rested not so much on the strategic importance of Vietnam as on the fact that it was there that we chose to "throw down the gauntlet" to Communist expansionism. It would be interesting to hear where he thinks it would be wise or possible to thrown down that gauntlet again. It would also be helpful to learn how those principles that have guided us in the past apply to the issues of detente, troop levels in Europe, and SALT.

Because of these open questions, John Roche's book is not quite up-to-date. Still, it is certainly not out-of-date. His effort to encourage moderation in politics is admirable. The defense he provides of constitutional procedures and rule of law as protections against the impulses of angry majorities and self-righteous minorities is, as always, much needed. At one point in *Sentenced to Life*, Roche writes that liberalism "stands for rational authority, not anarchy, and that while rationality is vital, authority is no less essential." His comment is a good guide to republican government for all of its well-wishers, whatever their political persuasions. →

History or Hysteria?

SINCE THE 1930S, the study of German history in America has been dominated by a number of historians whose shared assumptions have not yet been critically examined. The scholars I refer to are the German refugee historians, who have dominated this field, first directly, and then, more recently, through their students. However divided they were on some issues, these personalities brought to their work a distinctive set of prejudices. In fact, this collection of essays by Fritz Stern testifies to the durability of their attitudes. Inasmuch as most of the group—e.g., Hans Kohn, Hajo Holborn, Franz Neumann, Georg Mosse, George Lichtheim et al.—were themselves victims of Nazi oppression, it was only natural they should consider the Hitlerian epoch a focal point for their historical research. All of them were passionately critical of German social traditions, revealing not only the depth of their despair over Nazism but also an iconoclastic spirit often related to their feelings about pre-Hitlerian Germany. They sought to explain the rise and success of Hitler in terms of a culture that was peculiarly German. They attempted to make the past serviceable, as a warning to the world of how their own people had strayed and later as a means for impressing on the Germans the terrible burden of their heritage.

Nonetheless, in my opinion, the pursuit of such tasks led these prophets of wrath into error. It caused them to create hobgoblins out of past figures and movements, which they ultimately placed in some ascending order of culpability for the presence of the Nazi regime. It also tempted them to link the rise of fascism with the failure of their own personal values to win broad acceptance among the German nation. I believe that one can illustrate the effect of these pitfalls by analyzing *The Failure of Illiberalism*, the work of a leading apologist for the type of thought described.

It should be conceded that Stern presents some defensible and occasionally stimulating opinions. His essay on the relationship of Otto von Bismarck, the Prussian nobleman who unified Germany, and Gerson Bleichroder, the Jewish banker who helped subsidize the enterprise, is one case in point. Stern shows considerable psychological insight in discussing the growth of an implausible, but intimate friendship between two figures separated by a veritable social abyss. Elsewhere he offers some interesting, though hardly startling, comments on present-day Germany, East and West, and a fine study of the defects of the Weimar Republic.

Having made these acknowledgements, we may proceed to examine the weaknesses of his presentation. His introduction, which fails in its attempt at imposing thematic unity on the volume, tries to explain the two central catastrophes in modern German history, World War I and its aftermath and the Nazi seizure of power. Stern connects both these watersheds to a certain moral corrosion which supposedly pervaded German society, at least since the formation of the Empire: "illiberalism," a convenient rubric to cover all of the alleged flaws of German national character noted by Teutonophobes since the turn of the century and by many German émigrés since 1933. Although the list of abuses contains no surprises, it does make one nostalgic for the simplicities of wartime movies. The Germans, at least for the period between 1870 and 1945, supposedly lacked individuality, were the products of authoritarian households, and believed implicitly in their national superiority. Rising later than most other European powers to a position of political eminence, they suffered from a collective insecurity (Stern prefers the term *Angst*), which caused them to be stridently aggressive in dealing with other peoples. Stern only weakens his case when he draws a limited parallel between the Kaiser's adventures into world politics and our own "loss of moral confidence and credibility" as a result of Vietnam, or when he urges students not "to confound a moment of repression [in America] with the dark night of totalitarianism [in Nazi Germany]." Such evocations of the antiwar Left's rhetorical style make the reader resistant to a historical explanation that lacks any subtlety.

The Failure of Illiberalism: Essays on the Political Culture of Modern Germany

by Fritz Stern
Knopf $7.95

By Stern's admission, not all Germans between 1870 and 1914 shared these illiberal qualities he catalogues. For obvious ideological motives he excludes the Social Democrats from his condemnation. He might similarly have absolved that segment of the German middle class which clung persistently to the liberal ideals of the nineteenth century (not anachronistically, as Stern might wish, to those of a later age). Their dedication to humanistic education, a religion of ethics, scientific progress, and some form of parliamentary government were all hallmarks of a liberal creed which received as much praise in Germany (even after 1870) as anywhere else on the continent. German liberals have often been criticized for having made their peace with the Bismarckian constitution and with the military monarchy it sustained. It is assumed that they dropped their philosophical scruples owing to the practical economic advantages posed by national unification. And yet, their determination to work within the imperial structure need not be viewed as an act of moral treason. Faced with the absence of a parliamentary tradition like England's, continental liberals often had to console themselves with whatever approximations of parliamentarianism existed in their own lands. Thus German liberals tried to make the best of a semifeudal constitutional state—much as many French liberals had tried to come to terms with the Bonapartist dictatorship.

Stern maintains that the misfortunes of Germany can be instructive for America, inasmuch as they prove that the absence of the liberal spirit is destructive for a powerful nation. This is a highly questionable assertion. Among the most successful states of the twentieth century have been those that have displayed the least regard for liberty. Have mass extermination and total repression caused the administrations of Russia and China to come apart at the seams? Or if the Germans had decided around 1900 to run their homes and schools in a thoroughly egalitarian way, and (unlike other European nations of their time) to renounce any imperialist ambition, would such conduct have protected them from blundering diplomats in a critical international situation? Much of Germany's history between 1871 and 1914 was dictated by her past acquisitions and by the dynamics of her economic development. In all probability, a weak Germany would have provided France with an irresistible invitation to retrieve the territories she had lost after the Franco-Prussian War. Moreover, the population and industrial growth that took place in imperial Germany threatened an older European order, based on the military predominance of France and the economic supremacy of England. The Wilhelmian Empire would have appeared menacing to her Western neighbors by virtue of her mere existence, although, as Gerhard Ritter has demonstrated, her position was made even worse by her increasing rejection of traditional statecraft in favor of military solutions. Still, the incessant concern of her leaders with national security was partly justified by the disruptive effect of their country's rise to power.

Such considerations may be useful in assessing Stern's observations on the First World War, which plunge him into the most impassioned controversy to have involved German historians for more than twenty years. This controversy centers around the findings of Fritz Fischer, a scholar who, by means of copious documentation, has sought to demonstrate a continuity of political purpose between imperial and Nazi Germany, and to challenge the long-entrenched revisionist views on the origin of the Great War. Disputing the self-serving attempts of the various belligerents to assign sole responsibility for the War to their enemies, the revisionists pointed to the massive failure of international diplomacy as the crucial cause. In America, despite the disagreement of such figures as Bernadotte Schmitt and Hajo Holborn, the revisionists found energetic spokesmen among the students of Sidney Fay and William Langer. And in Europe their efforts culminated in the agreement reached by French and German historians in 1951, which affirmed the

joint responsibility of their peoples for the First World War. Basic to most revisionism was the belief that the belligerent governments, including the German, contained moderate as well as fierce annexationist elements,but that due to the increasing devastation of the War, the conciliatory voices once heard in Europe were muted by those that called for a vindictive peace, and both sides eventually gave themselves over to the dream of dismembering their enemy's lands.

Fischer broke with the revisionists, by focusing almost exclusively on those political forces operative within Germany before and during the War. He considered Germany's expansionist policy the most decisive factor in causing the conflict and treated her war aims (to which he devoted his chief work) as inseparable from her aggressive and pervasive nationalism. German society, in Fischer's eyes, was so infected by racist and social Darwinist doctrines that no major political movement, including the socialists, could preserve its ethical integrity, Thus, although the military and civil leadership planned the war by themselves, all parties and classes marched behind them in lockstep. The war aims which gave evidence of the entire nation's will to power, made an appearance as soon as the struggle began, and indeed, the Chancellor, Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, although misrepresented as a moral critic of the War, spelled out these imperialist aspirations as early as September 1914. On the basis of these assumptions, Fischer argued that the foreign policy of the Nazi period acquired its peculiar features long before Hitler's rule. It took form during the Wilhelmian era and drew strength from that expansionist impulse which fueled the First World War.

Fischer's views generated considerable controversy in German academic and political circles in the early sixties. Many respectable historians—for example, Gerhard Ritter, Hans Rothfels, and Golo Mann —denounced their inaccuracy and sensationalism. In 1964 critiques of Fischer's thesis began to appear in semiofficial government newspapers—one such piece bearing the provocative title, "Germany Does Not Accept War Guilt Twice." Although such indiscretion is partly understandable, it must be regretted in this instance. For what it did was to turn Fischer (among both the German academic Left and its American rooters) into the beleaguered spokesman for his country's lost conscience. This, moreover, came at a time when his interpretations were already falling under sharp and effective attack.

His treatment of the September program and of Bethmann-Hollweg proved particularly vulnerable, as historians like Ritter and H.D. Erdmann used their research to prove the Chancellor's moral earnestness and the utterly transitory character of his war aims. Meanwhile, scholars like Hans Herzfeld and Egmont Zechlin questioned the attempt to view German war aims as the cause of the War, seeing them instead as the product of a bloody and protracted struggle. In some cases German tactics were designed for the purpose of defeating one enemy with the resources of a second one that had already surrendered, e.g., the German plan to fight England from the Belgian and French coasts. Stern concludes that the effect of such criticism has been to cast doubt on Fischer's view of continuing war aims at least in Western Europe. A recent study of German activities in the disintegrating Russian Empire of 1917 and 1918, by the Ukrainian historian Olek Fedyshyn, indicates the absence of any prior war plans in the East, too. Recent investigations of the annexationist designs of the other belligerents during the First World War also shed unfavorable light on Fischer's method of studying the German case outside a broader context.

In view of this research, it seems strange that Stern maintains (as does Holborn in his introduction to the English edition of Fischer's *Griff nach der Weltmacht*) that "German historians have gradually assimilated Fischer's views." He cites as proof the growing consensus within German scholarship that imperial Germany played a critical role in causing the disasters of 1914. Of course this particular admission came from German scholars long before the Fischer controversy, and it continues to be made by some of his most ardent opponents down to the present. The break of German historiography with self-defensive accounts of the First World War was already underway in the 1950s, as relevant historical documents became available, and as German conservatives as well as radicals felt the need for a critical confrontation with their own national past. The Fischer thesis was not a cause but an expression of this process of reappraisal, but its exponents used the new mood to justify the torturing of documents and even a savage bias against their own country.

While Stern dismisses much of Fischer's documentary evidence, he praises him for having found a "continuity of mood and hope," if not of war aims, between imperial and Hitlerian Germany. Unfortunately, he tries to buttress his defense with mere generalities about German illiberalism and with such assertions as the following: "The idea of war as salvation and as liberation from social and cultural abuses had currency among various writers of other countries as well, but hardly among the leaders of other nations at the time." How useful is the qualifier "hardly" in keeping the remark from appearing utterly absurd? No doubt Stern has never studied the influence of Pan-Slavism at the Russian court. Nor does he seem to have read the imperialistic rhetoric of English parliamentary leaders, or of Sir John Fisher, Lord Admiral of the Royal Navy, who publicly advocated a preventive war to destroy the Teutonic menace as early as 1905.

As another defense Stern suggests that "Perhaps Fischer has strained the continuity thesis, but the counterthesis which posits all the miscalculations and derailments of German policy in the twentieth century were but accidents is still less satisfying." The argument is sheer sophistry. Plainly, historical knowledge is not to be gained by means of a choice made between two glaring hyperboles, on the basis of which half-truth wears better. Granting such reasoning, an atheist might be impelled to concede the premise that the flesh was fashioned by the Devil rather than by God. After all, it is possible to admit anything, when given a choice between two unreal choices. →

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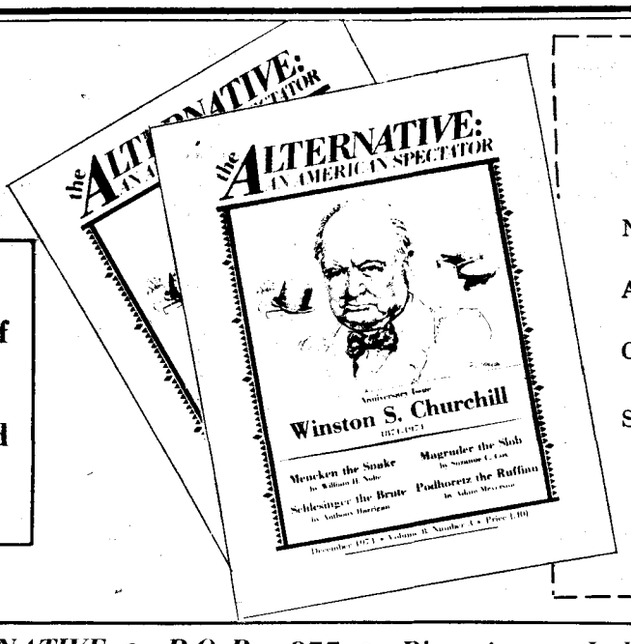
—Edward C. Banfield



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The positions Stern takes, however, make sense in the framework of the refugee historical tradition. From this perspective, the study of German history has but two overriding purposes: to be an object lesson to foreigners and to serve as a means of contrition for Germans. For example, those German history surveys assigned to my generation in college—with their interminable references to national failures, lost turning points, and squandered revolutions —resembled prosy religious allegories which describe the sinner's descent into a self-incurred perdition. Such preaching has apparently influenced Stern, who expresses approval of Ludwig Dehio's demand for "unconditional recognition" by the Germans of their "terrible role" in twentieth century history. Perhaps this role has by now been made to appear too terrible, in the sense that any interpretation of the past that puts the Germans in a particularly bad light can expect an enthusiastic hearing among large segments of the American academic community. This has certainly been true of the responses to the Fischer debate. Here sympathy for a scholar battling against some political opposition to his work came to be viewed as the struggle of an honest and wise radical against the cumulative force of his country's whole evil history embodied in its then-present Christian Democratic regime. The almost ritualized outcries, often sanctimonious and uninformed, that came from American scholars against Germans being unwilling to face up to their past, probably raised more questions about historians on this side of the Atlantic than about those on the other. They showed that it is high time that Americans trained in German history, move beyond the pious hysteria of their teachers, and examine their field outside the realm of bad theology. Insofar as they can manage this, they shall follow in the footsteps of those post-World War II European historians, who in writing on the Great War, decided to bury old axes, and no longer merely to grind them. □

The Great American Saloon Series

by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Confessions of a Cigar Snob

Author's note: Since the Great American Saloon Series has run dry due to the milksop nature of most Alternative *contributors, a few nonsaloon pieces on pleasant indulgences might be in order. If no one else steps forward in the next few issues, the author threatens, time allowing, to follow this short essay with further confessions of a liqueur snob, a book snob, a pipe snob, a snuff snob, a beer snob, a hotel snob, a food snob, a political snob, and–if a less frowzy periodical can be lined up–a magazine snob. You have been warned, so pick up your spoon handles or crayons and get cracking.*

A DEAR OLD VIENNESE friend, now in his nineties but still a great smoker, once confided to me that he knew the Weimar Republic was doomed when he began noticing too many good cigars falling into the hands of the wrong sort of people.

It's not a bad rule of thumb. Something is seriously wrong with any society in which too many pimps can afford Lincoln Continentals and too many pipsqueaks can afford Havana Coronas. And, sooner rather than later, the quality of both the Coronas and the Continentals begins to skid.

Fortunately for those of us who are more interested in creature comforts than mobility, cigars seem to have avoided their grand climacteric longer than the American automobile—despite the zealous efforts of *Playboy* propagandists and others bent on popularizing and plasticizing the good life. We can probably thank the big city political bosses of a generation ago, who were usually caricatured with large, fuming stogies clenched between their teeth, for keeping the cigar from becoming a status symbol for smart young moderns. God bless the ward heelers.

There are, it is true, hundreds of garbage brands, usually sold over drugstore counters, but this is hardly a new development. Rubbishy cigars have always been with us, from the foul green cheroots smoked by Paraguayan peasant women (and occasionally their brats) for at least three centuries, to the *Tijuana Smalls*, tasting more of paper than tobacco, that came on the market at about the same time that a number of jaded, middle-aged trendies were developing a morbid interest in a different sort of smoke with a similar sounding name—which must have occurred to the ad agency writer who christened these legal but highly offensive pseudocigarillos.

Unfortunately, the bulk of mass-produced American cigars are not pure tobacco products. A small note on most of the popular labels shamelessly confesses that the cigars "are made predominantly of tobacco with significant amounts of nontobacco material added," which is rather like a Mother Superior explaining that the nuns in her charge are primarily virgins but with substantial amounts of nonvirgins tossed in. An honorable exception on the domestic market (unless they have made a recent policy change) is the *Antonio & Cleopatra* line of cigars produced by American Brands. In particular, their maduro (dark) wrapper version is a full, even smoke. As I recall, they use African Cameroon leaf which provides a good, spicy aroma and flavor. *Rum River Crooks*, another and even more modestly-priced American cigar, is still, I believe, pure tobacco—Pennsylvania or Connecticut leaf most likely. But the leaf is not particularly noble and the rum flavoring and aroma put off many smokers. Still, they deserve an honorable mention amidst so many synthetic monstrosities.

A vanishing phenomenon on the cigar scene is the small local or regional American manufacturer. There used to be dozens of these, some of them very nice, but as with local breweries they are either folding or being absorbed. A few still remain, a good example being the Ibold Cigar Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, which puts out a modestly priced line of smokable mass manufactured cigars. These may not win any awards in international competitions, but they are a surviving specimen, little the worse for wear, of what was once a thriving and diverse selection of domestically made cigars. Worthy of individual mention are two of their maduro wrapped items, their *Brevas* and their *Black Peters*, which are very much in the old American stogey tradition.

For sheer, unabashed shoddiness, however, a foreign product of nearly a century ago is still without peer. Anyone familiar with the not-so-glorious history of the old Royal Italian Army knows that it was riddled with corruption and jobbery. One result was the humiliating massacre at Aduwa, where a large, modernly-equipped Italian force was wiped out by primitive Abyssinian levies—an event that seems to have traumatized an impressionable lad named Mussolini, who tried to get even some years later.

A less historically significant symptom of corruption was Italy's army-issue cigar in the reign of Victor Emmanuel I. The crooked contractors who produced it stopped at nothing, adding vast quantities of alien material including straw and mud —items better suited for raising earthworms than for rolling cigars. According to tradition, there were even times when the Italian Army cigar achieved the complete opposite of the ideal—the most ingenious of the grafters somehow managed to concoct a cigar that was 100 percent tobacco-free! No doubt the anticancer lobby, had it been around at the time, would have loudly applauded.

If, for old time's sake, you ever feel the urge to savor something akin to the old Italian Army cigar, you can still find Tuscan-style cigars in some Italian-American grocery stores. One firm, *Barodi*, even produces them in the States. However, such a course is only recommended to the most masochistic of nostalgia enthusiasts.

At the other end of Western Europe, in Spain (more precisely, in the sun-drenched

Canary Islands), one finds cigars of a much higher order. The tobacco trade in the Canaries dates back to the sixteenth century when early Spanish explorers introduced tobacco plants from the New World and made the first attempts at cultivating them in the Old.

The Canary Islanders are still at it today, and with the help of a number of anti-Castro émigrés—many of them the former heads of old Cuban cigar firms who brought seeds and expertise with them—they are producing some of the finest cigars available in the world today. *Casa Buena*, *Don Sancho*, and *Flamenco* are all good lines, available in a wide range of shapes and sizes including, in the case of *Flamenco*, the once familiar but now rather rare "torpedo."

The mass exit of the old proprietary and managerial classes from Cuba has created a curious cleavage in the cigar world. Most of the old, revered Havana brands—*Punch*, *Bolivar*, and *Upmann* to name a few—now fly under two flags, each using the same name but with different assets and liabilities. Exile *Punches*, for example, are produced by the old management in Tampa, Florida, while the Cuban government still exports cigars under the same brand name. The tobacco in the Tampa *Punches* is Havana seed grown elsewhere and not quite up to original Havana standards which require that special blend of soil, sun, and soul unique to Cuba. However, they are made with a measure of care and quality control that is absent from all but the most expensive Castro-era Cuban cigars. Other émigré firms hold forth in Honduras, Nicaragua, and Mexico.

The best available Cubans are sold in London, Moscow, and other foreign capitals, but these usually cost an arm and a leg. In London, it is not unheard of to pay a pound for a good corona-sized Havana, well-wrapped, well-preserved, and made of prime leaf. That comes to $2.40 a throw, which is rather steep by any standard.

The best course for those who enjoy good smoking but would just as soon avoid bankruptcy is to cultivate a taste for out-of-the-way cigars that, if not masterpieces, are at least good examples of regional taste and craftsmanship.

For those with robust appetites, there are the dark, strong sun-cured tobaccos of Brazil, available from *Seuerdieck* and *Dannemann*, firms that grow and handmake their own cigars in Bahia. These are genuine but a little risky—sometimes loosely wrapped and with an occasional hair that betrays the scarcity of depilatories among the buxom Negresses who roll the cigars on their thighs. They are good, coarse, reactionary cigars from a good, coarse, reactionary part of the world. For some reason, they are particularly popular with Germans. Even Walter Ulbricht, the late Communist boss of East Germany, found them irresistible, despite their fascist taint.

Far milder in taste (though not in aroma) are the delicate cigars of the Philippines. These too date back to the early years of Spanish exploration and conquest. *Isabella* leaf, a special strain developed in the Philippines and named after Spanish royalty, goes into the best of them, hand-made and marketed by firms like *Alhambra*. Brazilian and Sumatran leaf also go into most of the best small Dutch and Danish whiffs—brief, tasty smokes suitable for occasions when one can't really do justice to a full-fledged cigar. *Schimmelpenninck*, *Ormond*, *Karl I*, and *Larsen* are all old houses that turn out a good variety and there are also several sound English imitations (*Mannikins* springs to mind). Like good Sherry, the best whiffs are invariably dry —sometimes too much so for American palates.

The best the British Empire (may it rest in peace) had to offer came from Jamaica. The late Sir Winston Churchill, perhaps as much for political reasons as out of real preference, always favored *Royal Jamaicans*, still made and widely exported along with several less expensive but worthy brands like Mario Palomino. Jamaican cigars have less character than Havanas but they are even, light, and usually well-made. The Dominican Republic, endowed with most of the right natural elements, also exports cigars—good raw material but finished products that are uneven at best.

For the really sentimental imperialist, however, the most appropriate smoke of all is a Burma cheroot—a dark, slender cigar chopped off at both ends and specially cured. As the economy of independent Burma slowly sinks back into the stone age, the supply of cheroots to the outside world dwindles. But several creaky old firms still manage to deliver an occasional batch of plantation bundles to the wharf which ultimately find their way to smart London tobacconists like Bewlay's and Green's.

Green's has dubbed its cheroots *Call of the East* and, with their wafting, almost incense-like fragrance, that is exactly what they are—a very pleasant change of pace, especially for retired Blimps, former tea planters, and readers of Kipling.

Having taken your pick from the above array, you really should choose a decent cigar clipper. If it is good it will probably have been made in Solingen, West Germany, although some interesting examples (usually more eye-catching than functional) are also produced in Sweden and Italy. Strange people, the Germans—they produce both the worst cigars and the best cigar clippers in the world. Favorites from my own collection are an enormous monstrosity made of ramshorn and silver, and a brass and pewter piece with a sharp, wedge-shaped blade surmounted by a constellation of Baroque putti in bas-relief, not one of them so much as puffing on a cigarillo.

All that remains now is the purchase of a nice, solid mahogany humidor (cedar-lined) and the mapping out of a cigar zone somewhere in the house. Opposition from the fair sex may be formidable—at the turn of the century, when he was already well into his fifties, the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) still had to waddle off and smoke behind some particularly wide palace pillar whenever old Queen Victoria put in an appearance. After she died, he made up for so many lost smokes that his lungs soon gave out.

However, assuming that the General Directress of your own household is somewhat more pliant, and a territorial treaty can be signed, have a few friends over who are capable of enjoying a decent smoke and are also up to a good night's tippling and conversation. As Thackeray observed in one of his minor essays, "Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have a great physical advantage in conversation. You may stop talking if you like—but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of smoke—hence there is no awkwardness in resuming conversation—no straining for effect . . . ."

A bit later on, the creator of *Vanity Fair* sums it up for all of us who have known the pleasure of a really good cigar. "I vow and believe," he concludes, "that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship. May I die if I abuse that kindly weed which has given me so much pleasure!"

Actually, those of us who are overfond of it are much more likely to pay the ultimate price than its detractors. Sigmund Freud, U.S. Grant, and Emperor Friedrich I of Germany (Kaiser Wilhelm's unfortunate father), all cigar devotees, literally croaked from various forms of mouth and throat cancer. But there's a price tag on everything and, besides, as the air gets more and more foul, abstinence is less and less likely to buy much extra time from the grim reaper.

At any rate, when the old gentleman does come for you, I hope you'll have the decency to offer him a cigar. □

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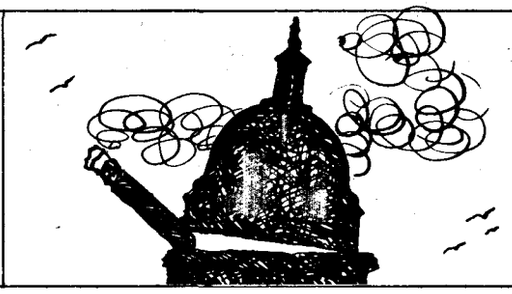

Home for Re-Election

(Washington)—CONGRESS WAS finally able to recess for the November elections on October 17, giving our national legislators precious little time to hit the campaign trail back home. Although few members of Congress had much to look forward to in their districts, the delay in the recess pleased no one.

The delay in the recess was the result of a stalemate between Congress and the White House over the question of U.S. military aid to Turkey.

Opponents of U.S. military aid to Turkey had added an amendment to a routine resolution allowing for continuing appropriations for various Federal agencies which would have cut off the U.S. aid. Because of that amendment President Ford twice vetoed within forty-eight hours what ordinarily would have been only a stopgap funding bill. Unable to override the veto twice, Congress and the White House agreed to a last-minute frantic compromise. The language finally accepted by the White House (reluctantly) permits the United States to continue its military aid to Turkey until December 10, provided that Turkey does not ship any additional arms to Cyprus during the interim period.

The Administration had opposed the Congressionally mandated cutoff, arguing that it would undermine the U.S. position to secure a negotiated settlement between the Greeks and Turks on the Cyprus question.

Since assuming the Presidency in August Ford has vetoed five bills, only one of which—the railroad retirement bill —Congress has been able to override. But despite this record the Ford Administration is not held in particularly high esteem on either side of the political aisle in the nation's capital. Republicans in particular are concerned with what political commentator Kevin Phillips recently called the "massive crisis of leadership and government by a clique of second-rate incompetents." Ford has not been the salvation the GOP had hoped for.

Congress' Unfinished Business

Most Congressional staffers, and indeed many legislators, had hoped that Congress would not have to come back for a long session after the November elections. During Congressional recesses committee staffs (although not Congressional offices) usually go on a ten-to-four schedule, and staffers also like to catch up on their long-accumulated IOU "freebie-luncheons" from Washington's illustrious lobby corps. But the Ninety-third Congress is apparently not going to have any such luck. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield (D.–Mont.) has said that Congress will remain in session until it expires on January 3, 1975.

Any rumors to the contrary, most of the controversial legislation before the Ninety-third Congress will be carried over to the new Congress, mainly because of the gains the Democrats expect to make in the elections.

Nevertheless, there are a number of appropriations bills pending before Congress which require action, and the Rockefeller confirmation hearings have yet to be completed. A lame duck Congress might also be inclined to vote for the politically sensitive Congressional and super-grade civil service pay raises.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Great American Series

On Dealing with Congressmen:

First you gotta kick 'em in the _____, then you bring 'em to their knees, lie 'em down flat, and sit on 'em.

Then while you're sitting on 'em, you say, "Now that I've heard your side of the story, here's my plan."

—L. Baines Johnson

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The much-talked-about trade bill will probably not be brought to the floor of Congress for a vote before next June. Disagreement between both houses of Congress, and disagreement between Congress and the Executive branch, as well as the extensive floor battles that will accompany the legislation, are the reasons given for the delay. There is also little chance that the already defeated no-fault insurance bill and the consumer protection bill (called by some the National Agency to Disrupt Economic Rights—NADER) will be revived. But along with the proposals for national health insurance, these will be high priority items for the Ninety-fourth Congress.

Congress' Most Inflationary

Because of Congress' continuing inability to offer any substantive proposals to combat "Public Enemy Number One," inflation, the Connecticut State Taxpayers Association (a nonpartisan citizens lobbying group) has come up with a scale to measure "excessive wasteful or nonessential federal spending, of the sort that produces deficits and runaway inflation."

Grover Rees, the Executive Director of the Taxpayers Association, said the "Spending and Inflation Index" is the first roll-call vote analysis strictly limited to Federal spending issues; it contrasts with the ratings of special interest groups which cover a variety of issues.

The Spending and Inflation Index covers thirty votes, among them votes for public works projects, the Amtrak railroad program, foreign aid, UN programs, and mass transit operating subsidies. A Congressman who voted for every spending measure listed in the Index favored over $10 billion in what the Taxpayers Association regards as excessive inflationary spending. The $10 billion represents approximately two-thirds of this year's federal budget deficit.

Rees said the Connecticut State Taxpayers Association has previously concentrated on state issues, but that the national survey was prompted by the "pressing need to do something about inflation on a national level. . . . As individual citizens who are suffering because of irresponsible Congressional actions, we decided to take the initiative in providing the hard, cold facts on inflation. Now maybe other citizens across the Nation can act on these facts."

One hundred twenty-three Congressmen received a rating of 0 percent, thereby earning the not-so-sought-after "Most Inflationary Award." Thirty-six Senators also earned the "Most Inflationary Award" by scoring under 10 percent on this index. The most inflationary single state Congressional delegation was Connecticut's. Four of the state's six Representatives, including Republican Bob Steele and Democrat Ella Grasso (both candidates for that state's governorship), and Democrat Senator Abraham Ribicoff earned the award.

Gold Heist

According to the "Washington Observer" newsletter, Dr. Peter David Beter claims that the gold from Fort Knox has been stolen by David Rockefeller. As part of our continuing effort to keep our readers aware of the latest conspiracies, this story deserves some quotation.

"Beter's fantastic charge, which no one would listen to if Watergate hadn't proven that conspiracies and dirty work are often afoot at the highest levels has resulted already in a Congressional investigation. . . . Beter claims that Public Law 93-110, passed September 21, 1973, took the gold away from the Fed and it was sold to David Rockefeller at $42.22 per ounce, although worth over $150.

"He says that the gold has been flown to Holland, which is considered safer than America because of the tight control over the little country exercised by Queen Juliana and the Rockefellers' Bilderberg front man, H.R.H. Prince Bernhard. Holland is virtually 'owned' by Juliana, the richest women [sic] in the world even though the Royal Dutch Shell Co. is actually controlled by the Rockefellers."

Congressional Sociological Balance

In the spirit of the affirmative action notions guiding federal judges and bureaucrats in their search for acceptable sociological compositions, the following "perfect" formula for a Congressional caucus was recently devised by a Capitol Hill aide:

"A proper Sociological Caucus should contain: two blacks (one man, one woman); one Chicano (or Chicana on alternate elections); one person to be, in alphabetical rotation, Amerindian, Asian, and Eskimo; and sixteen white Anglos. Of the latter, eight will have to be men and eight women; fourteen will have to be heterosexual and two homosexual (one of these to be a lesbian); one Jewish, ten Protestant, four Roman Catholic; and one, in alphabetical rotation, Buddhist, Mormon, and Muslim; fifteen will have to be sighted and one blind; eight must be juvenile, four mature, and four senile; and two must be intelligent, ten mediocre, and four stupid."

There can be no doubt that the Ninety-fourth Congress will have the appropriate membership necessary to organize its caucuses along the lines of this affirmative action proposal. Indeed, it has long been overdue and it is praiseworthy that Congress can illustrate the appropriate leadership. □

Book Review/Benjamin Stein

Fireside, Armchair, Secrets, Smiles

THERE ARE FEW cocoons so warm as a good spy story. You can crawl inside the twists and turns, the code names, the treachery and heroics; and the real world, with its real treachery and heroics, its code words, its memo writing and reading, its dusting and lawn mowing, is shut out entirely.

The really top-flight spy adventure amuses and teases at the same time. It lulls you and simultaneously taunts you to try to figure it out.

To be in the realm of the spy story is the most delicious kind of escape—the kind that has some socially redeeming value, so that it makes the reader think he has not only enjoyed himself, but bettered himself in the reading.

John Le Carré started his writing career with plain old murder mysteries, the very first of which were of the same caliber as the best murder mysteries of the finest masters. *Call for the Dead* and *A Murder of Quality* had some spy story content, but basically they lacked the paraphernalia and trappings of the spy story. They were, however, incredibly clever stories, told with grace.

But when he hit the pace of *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*, Le Carré leapt to the pinnacle of spy story writers. He did not come down one inch with *The Looking Glass War*, though he began to get bogged down a little bit in the banality-of-evil theory with *A Small Town in Germany*.

But with *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, Le Carré is back in the groove, putting the reader by the fireside and away from the cares of this world, with a highly cerebral but terse and exciting story of bureaucratic intrigue underlain with a cold war intelligence catastrophe. He has succeeded in distilling the essence of what makes a spy story so enjoyable.

As with his last several stories, Le Carré's latest concerns the innermost workings of the British intelligence establishment, euphemistically called The Circus.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy

by John Le Carré
Knopf $7.95

Early in the novel we are told that the old crew who had been running things, Control (his real name is never given) and his right-hand man, George Smiley, have been replaced. There had been a series of continuing espionage disasters, and the Government had brought in new brooms to sweep things clean. Control had died and George Smiley lives on in a kind of half life, living well off his pension but tormented by his wife's infidelities and his brain's turning fallow.

But not for long. He is brought in to clear up a problem which had been discovered after the cleanup: namely that a spy placed inside the Circus many years before by the opposition, Moscow Centre, had now risen to be one of the top four people in the Circus, and was causing every single major operation to be "blown."

It is Smiley's task to go over the files of the last few years at the Circus and, by sheer analytical ability, to figure out who is the Soviet agent, the "mole," as he is called.

Smiley must work in dread secrecy, hiding the very fact of his investigations from whoever might be the mole. He must supplement the knowledge contained in the files, which a reliable agent spirits to him, by interviews with other men and women forced out of the Circus when he was.

Gradually, as he goes through files with such names as "Operation Witchcraft," "Source Merlin," "Operation Testify," he stumbles onto an enormous and frightening fact. Moscow Centre, through ingenious use of the mole, has turned the Circus inside out, has been using it as essentially one of its own arms, and has utterly destroyed its capacity to collect any useful data on Soviet or satellite operations.

There is cross and double cross, perfidy which is shrouded in the mists of college days, and youthful left-wing romanticism. There is even friend allowing his best friend to be shot and tortured. And of course, there is seduction and loveless love as a cover for espionage diversions. →

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The plot is complex, although nowhere nearly as intricate as some of Le Carré's earlier works. The action, elicited through the narrative of the ousted agents and the reading of the files, moves on at a rapid and fluid pace.

But it is in the atmosphere that Le Carré has performed most brilliantly. In its essence, the Circus, the whole intelligence fraternity in fact, is shown, on both sides, as a kind of club. Once you are in, you are part of an elite which knows things no one else is privileged to know, which can do things other people only dream of. You are couched within a secret society of your own, living within the larger society, but not bound by its rules. It is like belonging to the best college fraternity ever dreamt of.

The need for belonging, for being a part of something extremely precious, is satisfied upon reading the first few pages of the book. But other, more complex needs are gratified as the story winds on. With the backstabbing and intrigue, and with never knowing where you can be safe, come other, more pleasurable feelings. For despite all that danger and risk, there is a huge benefit: If you are really in with the in crowd, someone is watching you night and day. It is like the fantasy of the most narcissistic child come true—you are perpetually on stage, with a constant audience. True, there is the threat of sudden death, but that just shows that you are not only lovely to look at, but someone important, someone worth killing.

In brief, the really excellent spy story makes the reader feel as if he is a child, with a child's fulfilled fantasy. And since *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* has that level of quality, it offers that level of escape—plus a healthy dash of cerebration in trying to outguess Le Carré.

To read Le Carré's latest is not only to enjoy literature, but to enjoy an experience of rare pleasure, the warmth of the inner sanctum of the imaginary world of spies. □

Robert Stearns

WIN(D)

ENTREPRENEURS in the lapel-pin industry regard the 'Whip Inflation Now" campaign akin to the Second Coming. All Lapel-pin manufacturers report a marked drop in third quarter sales—a slump that gained noticeable velocity on August 9. Stephen Feldman, Chief Operating Officer of Vogue Lapels, recently lamented: "The situation looks very bad indeed. We've got a trainload of American Flag pins ready to go; but suddenly, the market is very dry. The Flag pins are too small to effectively clasp diapers, and most housewives would never consider using them as hors d'oeuvre spears. Eventually, we may have to take a terrible beating by letting them go for scrap."

Even that prognostication may overoptimize the situation. Already, legal storm clouds hover over the issue of flag desecration—be it cloth or emblazoned on a pin. More than likely, scrap buyers will not consider any deals until the Supreme Court definitively adjudicates on *United States* v. *Smith*, a test case currently entangled in District litigation.

In any event, the economic downslide of the lapel-pin industry scarcely raises an eyebrow on "the Street." Domestic firms carved up the profitable United States market, to say nothing of the fact that foreign demand for American Flag ornamentation currently stands at a historical low. Furthermore, the two most prominent domestic producers face mammoth liquidity problems. Production costs soared 600 percent between 1968 and 1974—in major part attributable to the added expense related to the long term debt accrued in financing the "Jumbo" Whitler Point Honer. More than once, major producers individually and collectively applied for Congressionally sanctioned loans, only to meet with rebuff.

Now, however, Tin Pin Alley seems poised for a regrouping. Indicative of the optimism pricked by the WIN button was the recent announcement by Limited Lapels, long regarded as an industry leader. At an outdoor press conference, senior partner Heinz Limited jubilantly proclaimed: "The lean days are over. The rumors that we were retooling to resume armband production are—and will continue to be—spurious."

While euphoria pervades the lapel-pin industry, it might serve the American public well to take a closer look at the social and economic implications of the WIN campaign. Initially interesting is the fact that the American government has granted an economic pardon to the depressed lapel-pin manufacturers. In a country where free competition and the laws of supply and demand are values to be cherished, such blatant government intervention, regardless of supposed good intent, appears most inapropos. If the lapel-pin industry failed to plan for less lucrative times, then the forces of economic Darwinism should be envisaged as preserving—not destroying—the free enterprise system.

The recessionary ramifications of the WIN campaign, however, provide the more urgent need for scrutiny. Already, the demand for WIN buttons outstrips supply. LOSE buttons are selling at an even greater clip. In fact, industry observers foresee an entire new generation of lapel-pins not far off. Mel Coleman points out in the September issue of the industry journal, *Gaberdine*: "The possibilities are quite spectacular. Firms are already actively testing market acceptance of TIE buttons, designed specifically for moderates; SUDDEN DEATH buttons, aimed at decision-oriented executives; and MORE buttons, conceived to express the one, universally shared desire. . . ."

With the stage so set, an elementary economic analysis focuses on the dollars and cents issue at hand. Assume that to manufacture one lapel-pin, inclusive of waste, a medium-sized firm requires three ounces of either tin or iron. Further assume that in total, firms manufacture 110 million WIN buttons, 150 million LOSE buttons, 50 million TIE buttons, 25 million SUDDEN DEATH buttons, 300 million MORE buttons (this estimate may be grossly conservative, considering possible foreign demand), and 200 million buttons thus far untitled. With such a production schedule, the manufacturing of 835 million lapel-pins consumes 2.505 *billion* ounces of primary metal. Table 14.1 summarizes this part of the discussion.

Table 14.1
Lapel-Pin Production

Number of Pins	Ounces of Metal per Pin	Total Ounces of Metal Used
110,000,000 (WIN)	3	330,000,000
150,000,000 (LOSE)	3	450,000,000
50,000,000 (TIE)	3	150,000,000
25,000,000 (SUDDEN DEATH)	3	75,000,000
300,000,000 (MORE)	3	900,000,000
200,000,000 (untitled)	3	600,000,000
835,000,000 Total Pins	3 Avg. oz./Pin	2,505,000,000 Total Ounces

Note: Given 16 ounces = 1 pound, 2,505,000,000 ounces = 156,562,500 pounds.

In the short term, world metal production remains fixed. Therefore, the lapel-pin industry will necessarily siphon 156,562,500 pounds of metal away from another bulk metal user. The automobile industry appears the most obvious candidate to bear the brunt of the metal supply crunch.

About 9,000,000 new cars rolled off American assembly lines during the 1974-model year—each containing an average of 2,100 pounds of metal. Simple arithmetic reveals that, should the auto industry be deprived of 156,562,500 pounds of metal, new car production will drop by

$$\text{a)}\quad \frac{156{,}562{,}500}{2{,}100} = 74{,}554 \text{ units}$$

Furthermore, the price of the remaining metal available to automobile manufacturers will rise, owing to the increased demand.

Coming off a year of disappointing sales, the auto industry craves to increase revenues. Faced with a rise in raw material prices plus a forced decline in unit production, the Detroit triumvirate confronts two options.

On the one hand, car producers can raise sticker prices—perhaps as high as 15 percent to compensate for anticipated conditions. However, raising prices has long been regarded as a less than rewarding tack for corporations in pursuit of increased sales. In this particular case, with car prices already beyond wallet range of many Americans, additional increases would substantially cut sales to the point of netting the auto companies a loss, rather than a gain, in earned revenues. Price raising appears misguided.

Alternatively, auto producers can cut costs by consolidating factories and most crucially—cutting jobs. Assuming that the automobile industry employs 5 percent of the American labor force, a 20 percent labor cut results in a

b) 5 percent x .20 = 1 percent rise in unemployment

Accordingly, the economy will experience decreased consumer spending, giving rise to decreased production, leading to even higher unemployment, cyclically denoting even less consumer spending. In perhaps a year's time, the "Multiplier Inversion" (see "Doom or Boom: An Analytical Digression," *Journal of World Economics*, August 1972, pp. 16-38) coupled with the preceding scenario will most naturally lead to a recession.

With the fiscal repercussions thus exposed, thinking Americans might well ponder whether by participating in the WIN effort, the public is simultaneously having their pockets pin-ched. □

Book Review/Thomas Etzold

The Scholar as Pontificator

AT FIRST GLANCE, Raymond Aron's latest book would seem to have everything going for it. Internationally renowned scholar-author, timely subject, novel treatment—all seem guarantors of surefire success. And indeed, few books have been published in the United States to such acclaim as Raymond Aron's latest volume. Already a prizewinner in France in 1973, *The Imperial Republic* has met critical praise even in the pages of the *New York Times*, where reviewers often have seen or thought of everything, even if they have not yet done it all.

Unfortunately, not all the praise is deserved, for *The Imperial Republic* is both more ambitious and less effective than many of Aron's earlier books. Aron has considered the two main strands of American foreign relations separately in order to resolve a difficult problem of postwar historiography. Were American foreign relations primarily political or economic in nature and motive? They were both of course, says Aron, and so he has devoted separate and practically equal sections of his book to each aspect, the first to the "United States in the Inter-State System," and the second to the "United States in the World Market."

In the first section Aron weighs the behavior of the United States in terms of his theory of international relations, as elaborated in his book of the mid-sixties, *Peace and War: A Theory of International Relations*. As Aron sees it, the United States has been seeking a "middle way between globalism and isolationism" and has not yet found it; in the course of this search America has at various times expanded and diminished its influence in Europe, Asia, and elsewhere, sometimes out of feelings of responsibility, sometimes out of whim, self-interest, or even confusion, but not, as New Left historians claim, as part of a deliberate search for hegemony or as a function of imperialism.

In the second section Aron examines the role of the United States and the dollar in the international and especially the Atlantic economy. In this section, as in the first, Aron takes specific issue with New Left or "para-Marxist" interpreters of recent American foreign relations. He denies that any one goal dominated American foreign economic relations or that multinational corporations, those archvillains of countless revisionist scenarios, have secretly manipulated or controlled state policy.

Some features of the book deserve the kind of praise they have received. Aron knows a great deal about the Atlantic community, both politically and economically, and he arrives at a number of insights into American policy and relations that will be especially striking to American readers accustomed to homegrown and therefore introspective assessment. It is refreshing to read evaluations of cold war problems and policies that are detached emotionally,

The Imperial Republic: The United States and the World 1945–1973

by Raymond Aron
trans. by Frank Jellinek
Prentice-Hall $10

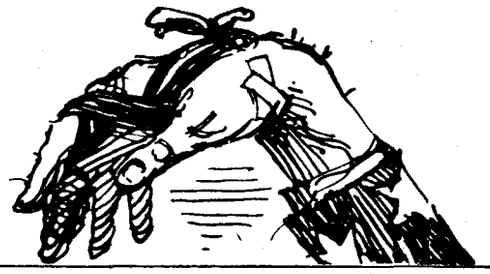
morally, and ideologically, as well as to be reminded of the many previous waves of revisionism in American historiography and public affairs. And Aron can say with authority what an American writer can say only at the risk of appearing partisan: that "there is no need to saddle the United States with the responsibility (for the cold war) in order to find Stalin innocent, for Stalin never aspired to any angelic quality and could not have cared less for any innocence." As Aron notes, the Soviet Union is not less prone than the United States to extend its influence and use coercion in postwar international relations; it merely displays better imperial technique, as in the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, an operation masterful for the small loss of life and modest repercussions which it occasioned. Beside that coup, American-style invasions, such as police actions in the Dominican Republic, appear clumsy indeed.

But the book does not entirely succeed. One reason, and this point relates to the American edition rather than to the French original, is that the translation by Frank Jellinek is flawed and tedious. The grammatical particularity and precision of French becomes redundance and repetition in this translation. There are a few outright errors as well, e.g., when Jellinek calls the China White Paper of 1949 a "White Book." Unfortunately, the translation is not the worst feature of the book's discussion of American policy in China and subsequently in Asia. Aron seems plainly mistaken in his understanding of the China White Paper and then of American assumptions and intentions in East Asia during the Korean era.

Worse than any errors or individual points of interpretation, though, is the tone of the book and the nature of its formulation. Aron announces at the outset that he has written an essay, not a narrative, on American foreign policies and relations. As one of the grand old men of modern international relations in academia, he is entitled to think that his informal considerations on the subject will be interesting for a wide readership, and his scholarly attainments justify confidence in the validity of his analytic arguments. But Aron has fallen prey to a temptation, or perhaps it is a disease, that threatens only those to whom greatness has already come. The dizzying heights of academic acclaim and intellectual achievement have in *The Imperial Republic* disturbed his ability to perceive the fine line between analyzing and pontificating. It is one thing to do as Aron does early in the volume, where he tests the revisionist critiques of American policy primarily in terms of logic and not of evidence. Without compendious apparatus or nit-picking detail he raises and answers some important questions relating to these interpretations. It is quite another matter to assert that an invasion of Castro's Cuba could never have succeeded in the early 1960s, and to support this assertion in a footnote which reads in its entirety: "I spent some time in Cuba in 1961." (p. 74)

There is a difference between analysis and punditry, and sad to say, in this book Aron has crossed over into the latter. It is especially regrettable because he has the talent for more profound thought. He could have, and should have, done better by his readers. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Alton Heywood

Politics of Conciliation

THE CENTRAL QUESTION in Washington these days is whether Gerald Ford can harness the Presidency. His failure to do so thus far is, given his ascendancy by chance and the forces arrayed against him, perhaps understandable; but it is also dangerous, both for the President and for the country. For the President, because the longer he permits chaos to reign within the executive, the more difficult it will be to take command later. For the country, because ours is a form of government that positively requires a unified independent, powerful, and energetic executive. This fact is not popularly subscribed to in the poisonous post-Watergate atmosphere, but it happens to be a fact nonetheless.

The President's low-key performance to date has occasioned a series of speculative rumors which have as their common operative premise the belief that he either dislikes his job, or is overwhelmed by it, or both. The more fanciful gossipmongers are even putting it out that Mr. Ford has cut a "deal" with the Vice-President-designate whereby Rockefeller will become the nominee in 1976. Closer to the truth is the view that the President has dedicated himself to a single goal, to the exclusion of virtually all others: namely, restoring a sense of morality to government in general and to the Presidency in particular. Hence the open-door policy in the Oval Office, the public airing of policy options hitherto discussed almost entirely *in camera*, the pursuit of "cooperation, conciliation, and compromise" with Congress, and the earnest appeals to "reason together."

According to this view, the President believes that the restoration of morality in the Presidency is the *sine qua non* of all else, the assumption being that it matters less what the President does than how he does it. Adverse political reaction to the pardon might have suggested the fragility of such an approach, but the opinion is rather widespread that the President continues to see himself as a kind of trustworthy caretaker, reluctant to use the great power and leverage of his office until such time as "normalcy" is restored—as if the vigorous and prudent use of presidential power had nothing to do with the restoration of normalcy. One is reminded of the story that that unlikely Pope, John XXIII, liked to tell about himself. It seems that shortly after his elevation to the Papacy he had a troubled dream during which he remarked to himself, "I must take this up with the Pope"—only to discover upon waking, of course, that he *was* the Pope.

Whatever the explanation, the President seems to be operating under some sort of self-denying ordinance with regard to the exercise of presidential power. As a nonelected, accidental President, Mr. Ford is no doubt highly sensitive to his vulnerability. But his effort to restore openness and candor, unless accompanied by some hard-nosed pushing and shoving, may produce precisely the opposite result of that which he intends. His conciliatory post-inaugural address to Congress was thought by many to be unnecessarily submissive. His attempt to formulate economic policy by "consensus" wasted precious time, intensified internal executive branch squabbling and invited the Democrats to take the lead. His precedent-shattering appearance

before a House subcommittee to justify the pardon served primarily to remind his enemies that there is political profit to be had in pushing Presidents around. Indeed, the plight of the post-Watergate Presidency is nowhere better revealed than in the picture of the President of the United States subjecting himself to demagogic interrogation by a first-term ultraliberal Democrat Congresswoman from New York.

In short, the President's conciliatory actions, although sincerely, indeed in his case devoutly, offered, are unlikely to be sincerely received. When Lyndon Johnson said "Come, let us reason together," everyone took it as a signal to put steel cups in their jocks. When Gerald Ford says it, he really means it, and the trouble is that everyone in Congress knows it. Thus, what Mr. Ford offers as an earnest gesture of good will is taken by his opponents as a sign of weakness. Only a Congress peopled entirely with Jerry Fords would refrain from taking political advantage. As Irving Kristol recently remarked, "the smell of burning flesh is in the air." Congress is not about to bury the hatchet anywhere else than in Jerry Ford's head.

Whether the President is willing to ascribe base and venal motives to his former pals in Congress remains an open question. "There're a couple of things you've got to understand about Jerry Ford," a former colleague of his said the other day. "The first is that there isn't an ounce of guile in his entire body. The second is that he's basically a man of the House. If there's one thing the House rewards, it's 'gettin' along,' and Jerry's about the best there is at that sort of thing. That's why Mel Laird was able to sell Jerry to the House Republicans when he decided to knock off Charlie Halleck. But Jerry didn't lead the charge against Charlie, and he didn't 'lead' the Republicans afterwards. He just 'got along.' Most of the butt-kicking was done by others, and especially by the White House after Nixon got to town. 'Gettin' along' is the only lesson Jerry ever learned in the House because it came naturally to him and because it's the only one he ever needed. But now it's different, and there's no way that 'gettin' along' is going to sell anything coming from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. In a lot of ways, Jerry's still thinking like a member of the House, and not a very hard-nosed one at that."

Ford's former colleague underscored his point with a classic bit of Johnsoniana: "I remember one time Lyndon had trouble getting a bill through. I helped him a little bit on it, it passed, and we had a drink on it. It took Lyndon about three sentences to describe his philosophy of Congressional relations. 'First,' he said, 'you gotta kick 'em in the ——☆. Then you bring 'em to their knees, lie 'em down flat, and sit on 'em. Then, while you're sittin' on 'em, you say, "Now that I've heard your side of the story, here's my plan." ' "

In the present hour of the nation's discontents, of course, President Ford couldn't get away with that sort of thing even if he tried. It may even be that we're in for a period of nastily partisan Congressional dominion that no amount of presidential hectoring can diminish. As one seasoned cynic puts it, "If God Almighty himself were in the White House, they'd rough him up. He'd send up the Ten Commandments, and they'd throw out six of 'em for openers, rewrite the other four, and add seventy-five of their own." But even if Congress is clearly in the saddle, it's not for a President to make their job easier for them. The danger is that Mr. Ford, as a "man of the House" who likes to "get along," may not only underestimate the viciousness of his enemies, but may also share the characteristically paranoid Congressional fear of executive prerogative—an opinion which has its constructive uses if you happen to be a member of Congress but is hardly an appropriate state of mind for a President facing overwhelming opposition majorities on the Hill. □

☆ A private part of the male anatomy which delicacy enjoins me not to mention.

Music Review/Al Somers

The *Emperor*'s New Clothes

BEETHOVEN WAS NEVER wholly pleased with his piano concertos. The reason is not clear—perhaps it was the shadow of the Mozart concertos which immediately preceded his own. But for whatever reason, Beethoven propelled the piano concerto —as he propelled all music—firmly into the romantic genre. This idiomatic transformation can be easily followed by listening to his concertos as they developed. The first two are clearly classical in nature; the third remains classical in form but expands in length; the fourth is dark, passionate, and predominantly romantic; and the fifth completes the metamorphosis, being expansive and highly individual, and elevating the piano to equal partnership with the orchestra.

The *Emperor* was written in the midst of Beethoven's middle period after the Fifth Symphony and the Rasoumosky quartets, its first sketches dating from 1808. For obscure reasons Beethoven never played this piece in public although he did play his other piano concertos. It has been suggested that his advancing deafness had compromised his technical skills; however, he did perform in public after the debut of this work.

This concerto is in three movements, the first being longer than the second and third combined. There are no optional cadenzas—only those composed by Beethoven. The entrance of the third movement is quite spontaneous without a clear differentiation from the second. This movement is bubbling in character and easily assimilated.

A balanced performance of any concerto is very elusive. Only the integration of two great performances makes a great interpretation. Recently, however, emphasis has been placed on the soloists, not only by the reviewers but also by the individuals who decide which team will record a work. In part, this is probably the result of a star system in the recording industry: rather than being sold Chopin or Beethoven, we are sold Rubinstein, Serkin, or Solti. As a result, soloists have been dominant and orchestras have played only supportive roles. A reviewer will spend a great deal of time elaborating on the soloist's role, then will dismiss the orchestra by saying it provided

Beethoven: Concerto for piano and orchestra, no. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 (*Emperor*). Christoph Eschenbach, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Seiji Ozawa, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2530, $7.98.

sympathetic support. I cannot imagine that Beethoven went to the effort to write the part of a full symphony orchestra for sympathy.

A second side effect of the star system has been a redundancy in the recorded musical literature. This is the twentieth available recording of this piece and DGG alone has two versions in circulation. Rather than keeping one solid performance in print, the tendency has been to record with different combinations the same basic repertoire and then allow the people in marketing and advertising to sell the product under the "newer is better" psychology.

When this recording was sent to me by the editor I cringed at the thought of reviewing another performance of the *Emperor*. Particularly one performed by Ozawa and Eschenbach. The former was one of Leonard Bernstein's assistant conductors. He has built a reputation conducting the moderns and a great deal of his work has been admirable, but I questioned whether he had the experience to bring any new insights to this work. Eschenbach was familiar to me only by name. Out of my own ignorance I do not know his pedigree but I assume it is sound. Still he is young and I questioned the value of having another *Emperor* in the recorded literature by this combination.

My prejudgment of the performance was somewhat harsh. Neither the piano nor the orchestra was subordinate to the other; rather they were partners in support of Beethoven's creation. This performance does not knock you off your feet but it is a good, solid, well-recorded, and balanced interpretation. If you have an *Emperor* with which you are well satisfied I would not suggest that you run out and buy this record. However, if you do not have a performance of this composition or if you wish to replace a worn disc with a technically recent pressing, this, along with the Bishop-Davis performance, should be high on your list for consideration.

The recorded sound and stereo image has DGG's usual high quality. The balance is good between orchestra and piano. My disc is marred by a warp which I am inclined to blame on the postal service, but just to be sure, any copy should be inspected before purchase. □

Book Review/Victor Baras

Standing Marx on His Head

THE WESTERN MARXISTS are bad Marxists or non-Marxists or anti-Marxists. Mr. McInnes is certainly no Marxist, but he takes Marx seriously—more seriously than many Western Marxists. To paraphrase McInnes, Western Marxists praise Marx for his philosophy (or his "humanism"), while dismissing the small matter of his economic theory. They forget that Marx dismissed philosophy as "ideology," something to be explained away precisely by economic theory.

The movement from Marx to the Western Marxists is the story of the progressive "remystification of Marx." The study of the material conditions of production has been replaced by renewed concern with "consciousness." Therefore, the rethinking of Marx has meant, to some extent, the rediscovery of Hegel.

Hegel may be described as a "dialectical

The Western Marxists

by Neil McInnes
Library Press $8.95

idealist." For Hegel, the history of the world is the progress of human understanding. Each epoch of history corresponds to a particular level of awareness (consciousness). In the past, each epoch has fallen victim to its own internal contradictions, giving rise to a new and higher (i.e., more complete) consciousness. Improvements in politics, religion, art, and science result from this progress of human understanding. Finally, history culminates in a completely reasonable ordering of the world, in the form of the modern bourgeois state.

Marx, as every Soviet schoolboy knows, stood Hegel on his head. Marx calls himself a dialectical materialist. Hegel was right, Marx says, about the dialectical progression of the stages of history, but he was wrong about what constitutes the dialectic. History does not consist of stages of consciousness which produce changes in the material

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **The Abdication:** Why (maybe) Sweden's Queen Christina left her throne in 1654 to find happiness as a Catholic chasing after the Vatican cardinals. Liv Ullmann and Peter Finch, back from that *Lost Horizon* hokum, meandering through a tiresome lot of philosophical and (tee hee) sexual discussions leading nowhere. The *real* reason the Protestant Swede left home to become an R.C. in Rome? The weather was better.

■ **Amarcord:** Fellini's magnificent reminiscence of his 1930s boyhood. A lusty, loving, wry, and tender ramble through the four seasons and the many conditions of humankind. No sloppy sentimentality, but much sentiment; no holds barred, yet without the excesses of retrospective of his most recent film before this, *Roma*. A joy throughout.

■ **Airport 1975:** A disaster a day keeps the pilots at play. A massive clinker with everyone from Moses (Charlton Heston) to the Exorcist girl (Linda Blair), and cross-eyed Karen Black, that warbler in a habit Helen Reddy, Sid Caesar, Myrna Loy as a lush, and Gloria Swanson as Gloria Swanson, and everybody's favorite: the 747, with a big hole in its cockpit; a good man to fly it is hard to find.

■ **California Split:** Segal and Gould as two gambling freaks devoted to the tables night and day. Robert Altman's film captures the compulsive spirit of gambling and the off-hand ease of the dialogue is at times superlative.

■ **Death Wish:** Bronson's biggest, a frightening fantasy about today's New York succumbed to muggers, avenged by the widow of one muggee. The visceral reaction is: go to it, baby! Git them bastards! The cerebral reaction is: we're all cooked if the vigilante mentality catches on. But then, maybe we're all cooked as it is?

■ **Gold:** Roger Moore, on leave from his James Bond role, saving a South African mine from a flood brought on by the meanies. Lots of sweat, groaning natives, sinister sneers, and mud up to *here*.

■ **The Gambler:** James Caan as Axel Freed, who's got everything including the goyische chick of the decade. He also has this thing about gambling. Heavy and insistent and dreary, but with some superb supporting work from such as Morris Carnovsky and Lauren Hutton.

■ **Harold and Maude:** This one will last throughout the seventies. May-September romances? Yes, sure, but this is the May-September romance to beat them all. Ari and Jackie have nothing on this pair.

■ **Juggernaut:** A technically excellent disaster flick; how to save *H.M.S. Britannic* from explosives while denying the shipjacker his $1.5 million. Gripping throughout, escapist fare for those who would rather worry about a cinema disaster than their own problems.

■ **Ladies and Gentlemen, the Rolling Stones:** Culled from their '72 tour, the entire film is Mick and Co. singing, gesturing, perspiring, and turning themselves on. No interviews, backstage blather, audience hysteria scenes; just the most exciting rock group in the world doing its best numbers.

■ **Law and Disorder:** Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as two grown-up men wishing they were little boys. They organize an auxiliary police force to protect their apartment building, get carried away with it all, and end unhappily. New York shown in all its grimy splendor, tough talk, and paranoia; a few deft moments from Karen Black (out of the cockpit and into the beauty salon) and some others, but on balance a dismal flop.

■ **Lacombe, Lucien:** An absolute triumph from Louis Malle. The story of a young French peasant boy who becomes a collaborator in 1944, finds happiness doing the Nazis' business and more happiness loving a Jewish girl, and then. . . . Beautifully directed, acted, and conceived. It refuses to preach, communicating its message subtly and by example, not by moralisms.

■ **The Night Porter:** Tender is the sadomasochistic night. Liliana Cavani's bizarre film of a sort of Grand Guignol Hotel of kinky sex. Max (Dirk Bogarde), now an anonymous night porter, formerly did his thing as an SS sadist in a death camp, his favorite toy being one Lucia, his "little girl" (Charlotte Rampling). Now it is 1957, and who turns up at the Hotel zur Oper in Vienna but Lucia, and incredibly they take up where they left off. However, a ghoulish group of ex-Nazis intervene to spoil the s-m fun, but not before the audience is treated to the most explicitly sadistic sex scenes of any commercial film in memory. Bogarde is, quite simply, magnificent; the film is terrifying, draining, nauseating.

■ **The Odessa File:** Nazis are always in season. Now it is 1964, and former SS officials plan to help Nasser destroy Israel, except that Peter Miller (Jon Voight), a German journalist With A Conscience, works to foil them. Preachy, talky, and dull, a terribly disappointing cinematization of Frederick Forsyth's terribly exciting book.

■ **Scenes from a Marriage:** Ingmar Bergman's seemingly endless investigation of a modern alliance gone sour, distilled from his 300-minute six-part television series into a massively powerful movie starring Liv Ullmann. Claustrophobic photography, sophisticated and chilling dialogue, a phenomenally fine work. Not advised for those whose marriages are rocky.

■ **The Taking of Pelham One Two Three:** Subwayjacking in Spraypaint Village, with the mayor (Abe Beame-ish rather than Lindsayesque), the Transit Authority, the cops, and everyone else rushing frantically to meet the one-hour deadline of the baddies, who promise a hostage shot every minute if the ransom money doesn't arrive on time. Alas, it moves nowhere and spoils a super story by virtue of bad pacing.

■ **The Widow Couderc:** Simone Signoret and Alain Delon in a pallid treatment of the Georges Simenon story of a middle-aged peasant woman sheltering and loving a young city fellow on the lam from the law. Signoret somehow convinces us that she could attract Delon and could tolerate his frolics with her nitwit niece.

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world, as Hegel claims. On the contrary, changes in the material world *cause* changes in human consciousness. Hegel confused cause and effect.

The material world for Marx is, simply and without qualification, the economic world—the world of material production. In each stage of history the material dialectic consists in the conflict between two aspects of production, the *means* of production (the level of technology) and the *relations* of production (the system of ownership). The culmination of history for Marx is full communism, a world without material scarcity and hence without political conflict.

Communism is possible, says Marx, because of the virtually limitless productive capacity created by modern science and technology. Herein lies one of the major differences between Marx and his latter-day disciples in the West. The Western Marxists are hostile to science, technology, prosperity, and even to thought. The West has inherited "Marxists" for whom "materialism" is not the foundation of their doctrine but an epithet to be hurled at the bourgeoisie.

The remystification of Marx has not resulted in a simple return to Hegel. The Western Marxists have rediscovered Hegel's concern with the primacy of consciousness but not his concern with the primacy of reason. Consciousness has come to mean little more than "will" or "wish" or "desire." This development finds its fullest exposition in the drug-sex dreams of the New Left of the 1960s. One need only imagine a new world, untroubled by the distinction between the possible and the impossible, and that world can be created. In the thought of Herbert Marcuse, one finds Freud's "reality principle" blurred with Marx's "capitalist repression." It is not the nature of things but the economic system that prevents the endless gratification of infantile fantasies. The very attempt to be rational (Marx's attempt included) is dismissed as the product of false consciousness or ideology.

Mr. McInnes is a careful and most knowledgeable student of Marxist theory. His work is an intellectual history of Western Marxism. It is a scholarly work, indeed an erudite work, and if it shares the weakness of all projects in intellectual history, it is stronger than most. It is virtually impossible to write a history that is faithful, on the one hand, to the intricacies of other people's thoughts and, on the other hand, to the thought of the author. Mr. McInnes is commendably fair to the Marxists whose thought he chronicles but does not share. Indeed, the detailed discussion of the roots of Western Marxism (in chapters 2 through 5) is too much for the general reader. Scholars familiar with Sorel, Lukacs, Gramsci, and Marcuse may find these chapters use-

ful; the general reader will find neither a readily accessible exposition of their doctrines nor any reason to seek to understand them more fully.

According to Mr. McInnes, two developments contributed decisively to the rethinking of Marx by Western Marxists. One was the failure of Marxism in the communist world (to achieve harmony and freedom), the other the failure of Marxism in the non-communist world (to make a revolution or even to create a revolutionary proletariat). As Mr. McInnes points out, the ideologists of communist countries have also had to undertake considerable remystification of Marx. (This is especially true of Chairman Mao, whose significance for Western Marxists receives surprisingly little mention from Mr. McInnes.) One may take the next step and say that Marx had to be rethought because Marx was an inadequate guide; that is, Marx was wrong.

Mr. McInnes does not quite say that Marx was wrong. Even less does he say that Hegel was right. Mr. McInnes does not like such judgments. He frowns on the philosophic attempt to explain the world comprehensively. He condemns Marx and Hegel equally (and, by implication, most philosophers) because they try to distinguish the real from the illusory, the eternal from the ephemeral, the natural from the artificial. Every such effort resembles, to use his favorite example, the Socratic attempt to distinguish *physis* (nature) from *nomos* (convention). This philosophic project itself, he implies, reveals a dogmatic or authoritarian cast of mind. Everyone who believes that the world is a rationally comprehensible whole is denounced by Mr. McInnes as an adherent of a misguided or dangerous doctrine called Totalism.

Mr. McInnes tells us that "there is a plurality of rational ways of living." Perhaps so, but it does not follow, as he suggests, that there is a plurality of rational ways of understanding. He says, "It is not mere values and inventions that provide the variety of ways of living but social movements." This insight does not come from social movements, however, but from thought, in this case from Mr. McInnes' own thought. The study of politics, understood as "social movements" or anything else, requires a standpoint outside of politics. Except for the irrationalists whom Mr. McInnes justly condemns, every student of politics, including Marx, Hegel, and McInnes, describes politics not only by the standard of politics but by the standard of reason. If there is a "plurality of rational ways of living," then it is possible and necessary to distinguish the rational ways from the irrational ways. It is not a mark of dogmatism but of sanity to attempt to distinguish reason from unreason, truth from error, sense from folly. Mr. McInnes, to his credit, makes these distinctions and makes them well. If he is tempted to deny it, he sells himself short.

Marxism understands itself as a theoretical critique of the liberal West. Therefore Marxism can not be understood or adequately countered without non-Marxist theory. Liberal eclecticism of theory, not to mention rejection of theory, is insufficient. If Western liberalism is superior to Marxism, then that superiority can and must be explained. Mr. McInnes' account of the varieties of bad theory stands as a reminder of the need for good theory. □

Amarcord

A HEAVY SNOWFALL descends upon an Italian seacoast town. The local young men pour out of the cafe into the town square to watch. Suddenly there is a strange sound from out of the sky. Everyone looks up to see the peacock of the local count fluttering down. The bird sits on the frozen fountain and majestically lifts and spreads its tail feathers. It creates a magnificent image of color against a lushly white backdrop.

For some reason which I cannot yet understand, that scene, and many others like it in Federico Fellini's latest masterpiece, *Amarcord*, seem to go straight into the unconscious.

There they generate enough excitement that a feeling of undefined admiration and awe emerges through the conscious part of the mind. Fellini puts enough of these scenes together so that the experience of watching *Amarcord* is one long series of "oohs" and "ahhs," as if the audience were being taken on a tour of the Grand Canyon.

Amarcord is Italian dialect for "I Remember." The movie is Fellini's remembrance of one year—around 1935—of his adolescence in the seacoast town of Rimini. It is important to realize that it is not an account of one year—it is a remembrance of one year. As such, it is not a detailed diary, but a highly subjective recollection of high-points, suitably romanticized and jazzed up to have been worthy of recollection.

The movie begins in the springtime, with the townspeople making a huge bonfire to chase away the winter's chill. Almost immediately we are introduced to the townspeople and to the usual, repetitive, but always brilliant and evocative Fellini conventions.

There are the high school students bursting with lust and energy, eyeing the town beauty, Gradisca, who swings her hips in a marvelously provincial imitation of Jean Harlow. ("Gradisca" in Italian means "Please do,"a phrase she used in seducing a local nobleman.) There is the town rake in camel's hair polo coat and neatly clipped moustache; the people call him "Ronald Colman." There is the lunatic, bedraggled town sex bomb, Volpina. ("She even has sex for breakfast.")

Everywhere there are processions of people walking tilted backwards, walking bent forwards, with the camera moving beside them almost, but not quite, at their speed. People are jumping up and down in a syncopated rhythm as if to a beat known only in Fellini's memory.

A lone motorcyclist roars up and down the streets with people leaping out of his way. No one pays any attention to the driver. He returns throughout the film, always passing in and out of the action without any apparent reason—like the peacock, an evocation of something moving yet not readily explicable.

The movie goes on through the year. The schoolboys are shown with their constant imitations of crepitation in the classroom, and their hilarious fantasies of love and adulation.

Family life in the Fellini household has a chaotic quality as the father and mother each threaten to kill each other over the other's misdeeds. Later they take a mentally ill uncle on a ride into the countryside. He climbs up a tree and cries out that he wants a woman, and he refuses to come down until a midget nun from the insane asylum climbs up after him.

It is a small town, and everyone's idiosyncracies are known. Because Fellini's father makes derisive comments about Mussolini, he is made to drink the Duce's health with castor oil.

Also because it is a small town, events of any significance take on a magnificent importance. When the ocean liner *Rex* is scheduled to sail by the town, several miles out, the whole town turns out in small boats to watch it pass by. It does not come until the middle of the night and when it appears it is like a schoolboy's fantasy of a great liner. It is bigger than a mountain, with more lights than the milky way has stars. It is overwhelming and overpowering—not a ship at all but the concentrated essence of a small-town boy's imaginings about the world outside.

The high school boys are in a state of constant agitation because of lust. The young Fellini especially has a mad crush on the beautiful Gradisca ("Compared to her, Garbo is nothing.") and on the incredibly fat and buxom tobacconist's helper. The boys gather secretly in a garage for masturbation while calling out the names of their favorite movie stars. →

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, is celebrating the publication of his new book, which is now available at avant-garde bookstores throughout New Jersey. Dr. Plunkitt's book is about the importance of altruism in politics and it is titled What's in It for Me? *Although Dr. Plunkitt expects to earn ten million dollars from sales of his new book, he has agreed to continue to advise public figures through this column. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o* The Alternative, *P.O. Box 877, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.*

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Both as a Congressperson and as a simple human being, I have been concerned by the recent outbreak of police harassment of nude sun-bathers. If the Constitution means nothing else it means that people should be free to worship God in the Church of their choice. Further, this hysterical response is reminiscent of the know-nothingism of the 1950s. Nude sun-bathing is a natural and essentially open mode of life-giving communication. Those who participate in it are more intelligent than the average American. They are more creative and warmer persons. Many have done graduate work and some even have Ph.D.'s. A Harvard professor came to me recently in tears because no matter where he goes the authorities hassle him. Last month he escaped possible mutilation. After lovingly preparing his body by basting it in a mixture of cocoa butter and powdered sugar, he lay down to sun in a remote corner of the city when he was startled to see a fast-moving Boston Sanitary Department street sweeper bearing down upon him mercilessly. He leapt from its path in time to save himself, but it was too late to save his transistor radio and some rubber novelties. In my opinion this is going too far; it is time to pass some legislation to safeguard the rights of nude sunbathers.

Cordially,
Father Robert Drinan, M.C.

Dear Congressman Drinan:

Hold on, Congressman Drinan. This is too crucial an issue for hastily conceived legislation. This is a matter demanding research. I suggest that you get together with some of your colleagues and go down to Fire Island or some other nice resort area and get the lowdown on nude sun-bathing for yourself. You might even consider a constitutional amendment before this sunning issue tears our society apart.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

We have just received some very disturbing intelligence regarding Spiro Agnew's supposed letter of resignation. A spokesman for the State Department claims that the letter, which by law had to be handed over to the Secretary of State by the resigning Vice President, has disappeared! This has led to much speculation in our offices and the consensus of opinion here is that Mr. Agnew never really resigned. He is still the Vice President, and the rich and the powerful are still pulling the strings behind the scenes of American politics.

Cordially,
Benjamin C. Bradlee
Executive Editor
Washington Post

Dear Mr. Bradlee:

I have not heard from you since you wrote me concerning the miseries you were suffering at the hands of your sexually disturbed chiropractor. I trust the matter was resolved decorously.

I have looked into the disappearance of the Agnew letter, and it is really rather amusing. Knowing your wonderful sense of humor, I am certain you will relish it. The letter was written and sent to the Secretary of State in accordance with the very letter of the law. It was then transferred to the National Archives, but there it fell into the hands of a reclusive archivist whose sole contact with the outside world is your newspaper. He was seized by the compulsion to steal it and leak it to a midwestern newspaper, so convinced was he that midwesterners are being denied vital information regarding governmental perfidies. Lamentably, he had about the same sense of geography as the editors of your paper, so he sent it to the *Manchester Union Leader*, which returned the letter, suspecting that the resignation was a hoax. Before the archivist could send it to the *Chicago Tribune* one of my agents restrained him. The letter will be returned to the archives shortly.

Rest assured Mr. Agnew is not Vice President. In fact, the next in line for the Presidency is the redoubtable Carl Albert, the House's equivalent to W.C. Fields.

That is the Gospel truth, so help me.

—GWP

There is melancholy too, as the young Fellini's mother dies and he locks himself in his room with sheer grief and frustration.

But as spring comes again, the memories are of happiness. Gradisca is married to a young officer (who bears an astounding resemblance to John Ehrlichman) and the schoolboys pout at the reception while the blind and cranky accordionist kicks anyone who comes near him.

Everywhere there is a lushness about the past which only memory brings. Fellini made another movie along a similar line—*I Vitelloni* ("The Calves")—about the life of a group of aimless young men in a small town in postwar Italy. But that, as brilliant as it was, did not capture like *Amarcord* the quality of memory as distinct from history, of feeling governed by remembered emotion rather than the precision of that which was faithfully written down or photographed at the time.

In *Amarcord* there is almost no plot. There are just a few episodes with daydreams and fantasies woven in. So many of Fellini's circuslike conventions and trademarks of hurrying formations are present that the movie is like a collection of Fellini's contrivances, all strung together. But Fellini's inventions are so brilliant, his line to the human consciousness so direct and high-powered that the sum of his many contrivances is a fantastically original and unstereotyped movie of remembrance.

The movie not only has no plot, but it has no social or psychological message. Fellini simply has certain memories of growing up which happen to strike extremely responsive chords in many viewers. His vision is so deep, however, that it is difficult to understand just why the chords are struck. Seemingly just by sime instinctual ability, Fellini has reached our unconscious memories of our own childhoods, even though they may have been factually very different from his. *Amarcord* goes straight to the undifferentiated subconscious responses to adolescence, which are apparently the same in New York and Washington as they are in Italy.

Once a famous retired film critic was asked whether he went to the movies any more. Yes, he said. "I go every three months, always to see Fellini's *8 1/2*. *Amarcord* gives even Fellini's best a run for its money. □

ESSAY CONTEST

The Young America's Foundation is sponsoring an essay contest based on the works of Frank Meyer. For further information write, YAF, Woodland Road, Sterling, Va. 22170.

Current Wisdom

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY: A few philosophical observations roll from the well-greased tongue of Valery Giscard d'Estaing, the French Kennedy:

Pressed to define his concept of a European community, he replied that he had always believed it rather futile to discuss concepts. We are not living in a world of constitutions now, but in a world of events, he added, so what will matter is what happens, not what is written.

—*New York Times*
September 1, 1974

DELECTATIONS: Another example of the pervasive influence of Common Cause, Inc., now spreading its tentacles into the realms of scholarly anthropology:

Can intelligence be eaten? That is only one of the surprising assertions advanced by anthropologist Oscar Kiss Maerth. In this profound, disquieting, and extensively researched book he concludes that the emergence of man can be traced to the practice of cannibalism. He views man's aggression, obsessive sex drive, and unbalanced intellect as direct consequences of a carnivorous diet and explains how man can —indeed must—rediscover his true place in nature or face self-destruction.

—*Krock and Brentano's Book Chat*
Spring 1974

BLACK MAGIC: Muhammad Ali, millionaire pacifist and noted war protester, delivers another poetic lilt:

I'm dedicatin' this fight to all the African people who are fighting for their freedom and independence. I'm looking at this man [George Foreman] as a Belgian, he is the oppressor of all black nations.

To me, this is a Holy War. Therefore all the powers of the heavens are against him. I predict I will have no problem. The same powers that got me victory over the draft, the same powers that got me past Ken Norton and Joe Frazier will get me past George Foreman. I leave you by saying, "War."

—*New York Times*
October 28, 1974

VARIATIONS ON A THEME: Another amusing variation on that dubious American theme so often applied to slobs, scoundrels, or simple cads:

"I found through my almost five years in and out at AA that alcoholics are really beautiful people," Paula says. "Most of them tend to be more creative than the run-of-the-mill."

—*Bloomington Herald-Telephone*
August 31, 1974

NICENESS AND WONDERFULNESS: Another gorgeous philosophical display from THE NATION s bubble machine:

Hope, too, is a civil right—probably it is the basic civil right.

—*The Nation*
September 14, 1974

"Whom the gods destroy, they

first make mad" — Euripides

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED: The grim trials of a Ms. intellectual:

Today at work, my boss told me that I could not bring my *Ms.* to work. His point was that I could not have "that type" of magazine at work, where people could see it, especially when visitors come through. So he took it up to his office and put it in his desk.

We all have, or should have, the right to bring whatever we want to read on our own time. I work at a photofinishing plant, and the men here will take pictures of nude women and no one says a word. Here I come with one *Ms.* magazine, and you would have thought I was going to corrupt the whole department.

I finally did get my issue back. He brought it to me in a plain brown envelope!

—*Ms.*
October 1974

EDUCATION TODAY: The torturous development of a PARTISAN REVIEW intellectual as related by Mr. Leonard Michaels, headache:

In the fifties I smoked marijuana, hash, and opium. Once I drank absinthe. Once I swallowed twenty glycerine caps of peyote. The social effects of "drugs," unless sexual, always seemed tedious. But I liked people who inclined the drug way. Especially if they didn't proselytize. I listened to long conversations about the phenomenological weirdness of familiar reality and the great spiritual questions this entailed—for example, "Do you think Wallace Stevens is a head?"

—*Partisan Review*
February, 1974

HERODOTUS AS NEUROTIC: A Mr. Anthony Gronowicz concludes a recent temper tantrum by listing his favorite historical fabulists and suggesting three desirable qualities of his kind of history, intellectualoid history:

It is far more profitable, then, to read William Appleman Williams on Debs and Hoover, Gabriel Kolko on Theodore Roosevelt, Martin Sklar on Woodrow Wilson, or almost any revisionist historian on American politics than to read Hofstadter—that is, if one desires concerned, compassionate, and useful history.

—*The Nation*
September 14, 1974

THE ACADEMY: The tocsin refrain of the enlightened to a monstrous *renversement* in university scholarship programs. Is there no justice?

One development they find particularly alarming is that some colleges have reverted to an older policy of granting aid on the basis of academic promise rather than greatest financial need.

—*New York Times*
October 27, 1974

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE GROIN UP: And so auspicates yet another thoughtful editorial from the redoubtable PROGRESSIVE, founded in 1909 by Robert M. LaFollette, Sr.:

The editorial pages of the nation's newspapers, which are, at least in theory, the repositories of journalistic wisdom, are still predominantly a white male preserve. While newspapers are employing a growing number of white males under the age of forty in editorial writing, giving the lie to the stereotype of the editorial writer as a vague gentleman in the twilight of middle age, there is still no significant hiring of women, blacks, or members of other minority groups whose presence would add an extra dimension to editorial deliberations and might even precipitate a change of policy on some important issues.

—*The Progressive*
November 1974

HOT AIR AND HISTORY: David Brion Davis, Ph.D., an otherwise abstemious historian, ventures onto the trendy pages of the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW and makes a display of himself:

The Civil War stands out as the Grand Canyon of our historical landscape not because it was the needless conflict of a "blundering generation," but because its origins and consequences laid bare the terrifying substructure of American life, revealing the price that we and our forefathers have paid for our world-envied success.

—*New York Times Book Review*
September 29, 1974

NATIONAL PRIORITIES: One of Ms.' more cosmopolitan readers punctures yet another myth and offers a suggestion crying for a place on any sane national agenda. Edward Kennedy are you listening?:

I am Kathie Hansen and I am nine years old. Since there is a Mother's Day and a Father's Day, why isn't there a national Children's Day? Most adults say that every day is children's day, but that isn't true. Every day is everybody's day. I want a special children's day.

I would like the same special attention my mother and father get on their special day, like breakfast in bed and no work on that day.

—*Ms.*
September 1974

David Keene

Special Election Report

THOSE LINES in front of the White House these days aren't made up of tourists, but of former Republican Congressmen looking to their old buddy from Grand Rapids for work. Most of them consider themselves innocent victims of Watergate and inflation. And, therefore, they think they deserve to be taken care of by a President who understands.

And, it's almost certain that Jerry does understand. Many of the men who went down in flames on November 5 were close friends whom he had tried desperately and unsuccessfully to save. They were men who had been around for a long time; many of them could remember 1964 when there was no White House to turn to and even 1958 when their ranks were decimated by an angry electorate.

But this is 1974 and Republicans are beginning to concede that the debacle this year was different in significant, and perhaps qualitative, ways from those that preceded it. In the first place it was far worse at the gubernatorial and state legislative levels than previous disasters, and secondly, it was so bad that those Republicans who hung on didn't exactly win overwhelmingly.

Indeed, unless this fact is appreciated, it is difficult even to comprehend the magnitude of the disaster that struck the GOP on November 5. Consider the Senate races. As I write this it appears that the GOP won five races—in Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Kansas, and Oklahoma—by margins of less than 1 percent. The situation was the same in the House. Most winning Republicans didn't know they had survived until late. House Republican Leader John Rhodes, for example, found himself in real trouble, but like many of his Senate counterparts, he managed to hang on by the slimmest of margins. Thus, it is clear that if Democrats across the board had mustered one extra percentage point they would have wiped out the Republican Party in many areas of the country. That is how close to real disaster the GOP came this year.

The numbers are interesting and important, of course, but a look at the returns tells us something even more important. In 1964 Republicans lost heavily in the North, but were actually picking up House seats in the South. This time they met what must be described as an unmitigated disaster. They lost everywhere and therefore managed to lose many of the regional gains so important to a party realignment. Still, many observers are of the opinion that the 1974 elections were merely typical of off-year elections and especially of those six years into an administration. Next year will be different, they tell us, and in 1976 we can expect a GOP comeback.

But it is at least possible that we are at a crossroad and that the Republican Party, like the Whigs of the last century, will wither and disappear to be replaced by a new major party, capable of harnessing the potential of the conservative majority that so many analysts tell us is out there somewhere.

This may not happen, but it can at least be seen that more serious Republican and conservative politicians are talking about forming a third party than ever before. Indeed, some may be going beyond the talking stage to put real plans together. It is their conviction that the Republican Party is bankrupt intellectually and morally, that it can never serve as a vehicle for conservative influence because it must continue to be dominated by pragmatists and people more interested in winning office than solving problems. How, they ask, can anyone take a party seriously headed by someone like Mary Louise Smith who, in their opinion, was out of her depth back in Iowa?

Moreover, they are able to contend for the first time that the label *Republican* is itself a real handicap. The party of big business is now also the party of corruption and inflation. Fewer people are willing to identify themselves as Republicans than ever before, and state Party organizations around the country are dead or dying.

Those conservatives with a stake in the Party sympathize with the frustrations of those talking about a third party, but they disagree. They seem reluctant to give up a major party over which they might exercise control. After all, they say, conservatives control the Republican Party. They won in Miami in 1972, they hold a numerical advantage on the Republican National Committee, and they control the crucially important auxiliary groups.

The weakness of this position, of course, is that while all of these things are true they don't mean much. Numerically the conservatives already own the GOP but they don't control it. They look to their President for leadership and they are willing to follow almost anything without complaint.

They did win in Miami, defeating the liberals in a crucial rules battle, but came home to discover that their victory would have to be won all over again because their chairman had appointed the leader of the forces they whipped so decisively to head a reform commission.

They do control the Republican National Committee as well, but they have let successive Republican Presidents name their chairmen for them. This might have been excusable in the early years of the Nixon Administration, but became totally inexcusable as it became increasingly clear that a major party cannot afford to be lead around by the nose.

But the acquiescence in President Ford's decision to elevate Mrs. Smith to the chairmanship must be seen as supporting the worst fears of those who now tell us the Republican Party must be replaced. The new chairman had no constituency and most of those who saluted and voted for her some months ago believe her unsuited for the job. But they voted for her anyway.

Thus, though it would seem that logic favors the position that the GOP is worth saving, few may be willing to do so if their leaders aren't willing to save themselves. A conservative majority within the party is of little value if it doesn't act as such.

During the next few months, conservatives will be meeting secretly and publicly to discuss their future activities. At this point it is unclear whether they will decide to stick with the GOP or go the third-party route; however, their ultimate decision may depend as much on what President Ford and the leaders of the Republican Party do as on their own desires.

I haven't considered the impact of California Governor Ronald Reagan's apparent desire to run in 1976, either as a Republican or as a leader of a new party, because I suspect the impetus for a new party is being generated by events rather than a desire to find a vehicle for his candidacy. It must be noticed, however, that if a serious third party comes into being its viability might depend on Reagan's willingness to lead it. □

Correspondence

To the Editor:

I can tell Mr. Regnery in part what is the fault of symphonic music and symphony orchestras, with some comments on how the problems he describes can be solved.

In all the history of composition and orchestration, we whistlers have been excluded from symphony orchestras. Despite the fact that most orchestral sounds are only imitations of the whistle, there has never been a whistlers' section to any orchestra. Therefore we have been subjected to these imitative sounds produced by mechanical instruments made of gut and various forms of reeds and horns. None of these mechanized things ever carry the full melody; they weave in and out of the composition because none of them can stand on their own two feet. The whistle, however, is capable of taking over the whole melodic presentation.

By "whistle" I of course exclude that sound produced by the insertion of two fingers in the mouth, or that done merely through the teeth. The true whistle is produced by the pursing of the lips only; thus a pure sound is emitted which surpasses the syrupy notes which come out of the mechanical instrument. The true whistle of which I speak can be of the boy soprano tone: slightly off-key, but with a delightful quality which only lends a sweetsour note to the usual honeyed and even cloying sounds contrived by mechanical invention.

All over this land and in regions beyond the seas there are thousands of true whistlers, not warblers or traffic cops, who can and do play a full symphonic composition, even from memory. The whistler disdains the use of a score; he is so steeped in music that he needs no such aid. In fact, he is more like the conductor, and many whistlers, in all modesty, are known as great, though private, conductors. The true whistler warbles not, nor does he shriek: he relies only on the natural tone produced by his lips. While the flute is perhaps the closest in tone to the

whistle of the lips, it is a bit shrill, and is seldom used beyond a few bars.

Further, I point out to Mr. Regnery that no expensive musical instrument is necessary for the whistler, and that he does not even have to be able to read music. The ranks of symphony orchestras could be swelled by introducing a whistler section; many of these artistes could also help direct the orchestra, and their rendition of symphonic pieces would be constant refrain, not the outmoded system by which instruments carry on for a while, then subside in exhaustion or inability to carry the full refrain.

Whistlers have disdained to organize or to seek to impose themselves on a highly professionalized musical world. Further, they wish to maintain their amateur standing. But this reluctance to interfere, or even to let go at a public concert should not be construed as an attitude of inferiority; it is merely that we have been too courteous. Unfortunately too, most whistlers hold forth in the privacy of their homes, usually when the family is absent, out of innate modesty.

But I do want to call Mr. Regnery's attention to this untapped resource of whistlers, should an orchestra be on strike or unable to meet its budgets.

The Rev. Roberts E. Ehrgott
Indianapolis, Indiana

Mr. Regnery replies:

The Reverend Ehrgott has made an excellent suggestion, that a whistling section be added to every symphony orchestra. If it were followed the financial problems of our orchestras would be quickly solved, since no one would attend the concerts.

It would be interesting to know how many whistlers Mr. Ehrgott uses in the choir of the Church of the Nativity.

To the Editor:

We were, of course, flattered to find not one, not two, but three quotations from *The Progressive* under the heading of "Current Wisdom" on a single page of your December issue—though, to be candid, this abundance of citations did suggest a certain want of breadth in your reading.

The remaining thirty-one pages, with their sundry anguished pleas to repeal the French Revolution, restore the British Empire, reinforce monopoly capitalism, and revive the Cold War, might aptly be headed "Ancient Folly."

Erwin Knoll
Editor
The Progressive
Madison, Wisconsin

To the Editor:

Who is this H.L. Mencken character, and *why* are you so infatuated with him? And *why, why, why* are there *turkeys* scampering all over your magazine?????

E. Kristol
Gambier, Ohio

Turkeys don't scamper–they strut, and that is why they so often adorn the pages of this journal of nouveau art.

—RET

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